

The Horse.

ELECTIONEER 125

The announcement of the death of Electioneer, though not unexpected, will cause much regret among thousands who are interested in the American trotter. His history will always be one of the most interesting in the annals of the trotting horse and his development.

Electioneer was foaled in the spring of 1888, and was therefore 29 years old last spring. His sire was Hambleton 10, the head of the greatest family of trotting horses the world has yet seen. His dam was the famous Green Mountain Maid, who has six descendants in the list, by Harry Clay 45. Harry Clay's sire was Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 20, (known as Neave's), by C. M. Clay 18, by Henry Clay 8, by Andrew Jackson 4, by Young Bashaw, a son of Grand Bashaw, an Arabian. The dam of Harry Clay 45 was Fan, by Imp. Bellfounder, also the sire of the dam of Hambleton 10. Cassius M. Clay, Jr., had for dam a mare by Chancellor, a son of Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger. Mambrino was the grand sire of Hambleton 10. It will be seen therefore, that Electioneer had a great deal of the blood of Imp. Messenger, with two crosses of Imp. Bellfounder through sire and dam, combined with the Arabian blood of Imp. Grand Bashaw. It is a fact which will be observed in looking over the history of the Hambleton branch of the American trotter, that the best results as to speed and ability to produce speed, have been when the Hambleton has been crossed with the Clay, the Morgan and the thoroughbred. It seems to give the requisite nerve force which was lacking in the rather cold blooded Hambleton 10. Undoubtedly Hambleton controlled the gait in his progeny to a wonderful extent, as do his sons, but the resolute force of character needed in a race horse must be added to get the ideal trotting horse.

Electioneer was bred by Chas. Hackman, of Stony Ford, N. Y., and passed to Senator Leland Stanford in 1877, since which time he has stood at the head of the Palo Alto stable. It was after the purchase by the latter that the fame of Electioneer as a producer of extreme speed at the trot became national, and it undoubtedly resulted from the class of mares selected by Mr. Stanford to breed him on. These mares contained a great deal of thoroughbred blood, and in some noted instances were pure thoroughbreds. Electioneer dies with two of his get in the list, with his sons being speed, and his daughters producing it, and the fastest trotter to his credit, with but one exception, ever bred. He made the Palo Alto stables famous throughout the civilized world, and given the State of California a reputation for the breeding of trotters which will be worth thousands of dollars yearly to her breeders.

DEATH OF A GREAT RACE HORSE.

The telegraph has announced the death of the noted thoroughbred horse Norfolk, at the age of 29 years. Norfolk was by Lexington, dam Novice, by Imp. Genecoe, two lines of blood which in combination have produced some of the best American race horses. He was bred by A. J. Alexander, of Woodburn, Ky., who sold him to Theo. Winters, of California, the first of the produce of the great Lexington he had sold. Mr. Alexander had paid \$15,000 for Lexington, and he was so unmercifully ridiculed for paying such a price that his pride was touched, and he publicly declared that he should not sell a colt by the horse until he got a higher price for him than he had paid for the old horse. Norfolk therefore was sold to Mr. Winters for \$15,001. Mr. Alexander insisting on the one dollar.

On the turf Norfolk never was beaten, but his career was short. In the stud, however, he achieved his great success, and the phenomenal young horses on the turf from California, which have been a great feature for the past ten years were sired by him. He is the sire of King of Norfolk, Emperor of Norfolk, The Crar, El Rio Roy and Ray del Reyes. El Rio Roy was one of the greatest race horses ever on the American turf, and in his two and three year old form never met a field which could give him a close race. He will succeed his sire as the close race horse of the Winters stable, and will no doubt prove as great a producer of race horses as his sire. Norfolk was really one of the greatest sons of Lexington, and will always be regarded as one of the great thoroughbred sires of America.

OUT IN THE COLD.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting Association met at New York last Saturday. The full board, consisting of George W. Archer, George M. Stearns, George M. Jogg, M. M. Morse (Secretary), David W. Bonner, Frank L. Cooke and P. P. Johnson (President), were present. Among other matters coming up was the Nelson-Noble case in which the parties were charged with fraud in the \$10,000 stallion race at Boston in 1889.

After an hour's deliberation the Board reached a decision, expelling the horse Nelson and his owner, C. H. Nelson. This decision was reached through Mr. Nelson's confession, given in writing as follows:

In the matter of the Balch stallion race of 1889, so-called, and the alleged incompetencies connected therewith, I, Charles H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me., make the following brief statement regarding the facts:

The race was appointed to occur on the track of Beacon Park, near Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, September 18, 1889, for a purse of \$10,000, which, according to the conditions, was to be awarded in four premiums, consisting of \$3,000 to the first or winning horse, \$2,500 to the second, \$1,500 to the third and \$1,000 to the fourth horse. It was announced to be a trotting race of mile heats, best three in five, and to be governed by the rules of the National Trotting Association. Owing to a heavy rain storm and continued wet weather the race was postponed from day to day until Monday, September 23, when it took place over what was deemed a heavy track. My stallion Nelson competed, with myself as his driver. The race was decided, and the premiums were awarded according to the following summary:

BEACON PARK, Sept. 23. W. P. Balch Stakes, \$10,000, 2 1/2 mile heats, trotting.
Nelson, b. h., by Young Ralph, C. H. Nelson, driver, 1 1/2
Alcyon, br. h., by Black Pilot, J. H. Carey, driver, 1 1/2
Pilot Knight, br. h., by Black Pilot, J. H. Carey, driver, 1 1/2
May, b. h., by Young Ralph, C. H. Nelson, driver, 1 1/2
Grandy, b. h., by Young Ralph, C. H. Nelson, driver, 1 1/2
Time—2:18 3/4, 2:17 3/4.

On the night preceding said stallion

race I was approached by Frank L. Noble, the reputed owner and controller of Alcyon, who made overtures to me to pre-arrange with him as to the performance and result of the race. He proposed in substance to divide with me the winnings of our horse, with an agreement that whichever of the two horses won, the winner of the two heats should be assisted by the other to win the concluding heat. I refused to enter into such an arrangement and told him I thought my horse would win the race. In three sprints he beat me. The next day, and within two hours of the race, I learned by letter that Budd Noble, whom I had previously engaged to drive my horse in said race, was unable to leave Philadelphia, and could not drive for me. I then asked Spaul to serve me. He replied he could not, and the next day told me he had been paid \$500 not to drive my horse. Finding myself at the time unable to procure a driver on whom I was willing to rely, I decided to drive myself, although I was 29 1/2 pounds heavier than regulation weight.

This and the heavy track, of course, constituted a serious handicap to my horse, which not only caused me some concern, but caused much anxiety among my friends who were present, and one of whom was a friend with whom I had important business dealings and who had done me many favors. This friend was approached by an associate of Budd Noble, whose talk on behalf of Noble so influenced his judgment that he promised, in case of the race being awarded to Nelson, Noble might have the premiums won by the victory. Of this I was informed after the race.

In this promise I know my friend was influenced alone by a desire to protect my horse from combinations and accidents, and thus to promote his chances to win the race, which would benefit the horse by enhancing his reputation, and that would gratify me more than to possess the money involved. I am sure my friend had no other motive, for neither of us had a dollar wagered on the race in any form, either directly or indirectly. The race was won by Nelson, and the promise of my friend was complied with, whereby Mr. Noble did obtain the money won by Nelson in the race besides obtaining the second premium, which was awarded to Alcyon. Notwithstanding the doubt implied by the features recited, it is my firm belief that Nelson won that race on his merits, and that it was not in the power of Alcyon to have beaten him in either of the three heats that were contested. CHARLES H. NELSON.

This confession was sworn before George H. Bailey at Waterville, Me.

The Board's unanimous decree on this confession is as follows: "Ordered that C. H. Nelson and the horse Nelson be expelled."

Colors in Horses.

Referring to the American partiality for solid colors in horseflesh, the London Farmer says: "It cannot be doubted that the preference for whole colors is founded on more than fancy. The Americans are only teaching our breeders an old lesson. It is a pity that gray draft horses should go to much out of fashion in Scotland. Those that whitened with age were, as a rule, full of fear and wear. Perhaps they showed their years rather too honestly for a generation addicted to doctoring, and they certainly looked dirty after a day's work; but it surely was a loss to throw out a good sort. Few breeders, however, can afford to despise the spirit of the age, and the Americans have been an immense help to our breeders of pedigree stock during these many years in which prices for corn have ruled low. Indeed, it is almost a truism to say that American farmers have kept numbers of British farmers on their feet during the bitter years when there has been such a difficulty in adjusting the claims of landlords (who have come through years of easy letting and prosperity) and tenants (who found themselves going deeper and deeper still into a trough of low prices for ground produce) with rather old-fashioned rents to pay."

Horse Gossip.

WANDA, a filly by Eros, a son of Electioneer, made a record of 2:19 3/4, to road cart at San Francisco, on November 14.

A VALUABLE weanling filly died at the McGraw Stock Farm, Bay City, a few days ago. It was by Sphinx, 2:20, dam Belle Smith, by Masterdole.

In England recently, the bay gelding Dan McPhee reduced the English trotting record of 2:35 to 2:25, over the half-mile track at Alexandria Park, London.

O. J. LEWIS, of Alameda township, has sold his standard bred three-year-old Greenback stallion, Troika 8293, dam a Trophy mare, to Cheboygan parties for \$600. He was shipped last Tuesday.—*Monroe Democrat*.

The Jackson party, which that Arthur Smalley has purchased from Mrs. McRoberts the standard bred and registered bay stallion Leo Hamlet, sired by L. J. Sutton, 1st dam, Molly M., by Hamlet, 2d dam by Tom Hunter.

The Door Prairie Live Stock Association, of Door Prairie, Ind., has sold two Cleveland Bays, Prince Raymond and Thornbrough 5th, to W. E. Clark and H. A. Porter, near Port Wayne, Ind., and a thoroughbred colt to parties at Toronto, Canada. The demand for Coach and draft horses is now improving.

W. K. PRUDEN, of Lansing, has purchased the two-year-old bay colt Yuri, by Lord Russell 4277, dam Yolande, by Belmont 64; 2d dam, Young Portia, by Mambrino Chief 11; Lord Russell is a full brother to Maud S, 2:08 3/4, being by Harold 413, he by Hambleton 10; dam, Miss Russell, (dam of Maud S), 2:08 3/4, Nutwood, 2:18 3/4, and Russia, 2:28; by Pilot Jr. 12. Yolande is the dam of two in the list, and Young Portia of one. Yuri comes from producing blood on both sides, and for three generations.

At a recent live stock convention in an adjoining State, a paper was read upon "Inbreeding," and the author, among other things, said:

"There is perhaps no stronger argument against inbreeding than that found in the thoroughbred or running horse. He has been bred as a distinct breed for over 100 years, and inbreeding in his case has always been opposed, as it was found whenever tried to weaken his constitution and his staying qualities. Here we have the most prepotent, impressive and distinct race of all our domestic animals brought to this present high state of perfection without inbreeding in any form. And to-day he is superior to all other breeds in speed and endurance."

It is singular how an intelligent man could make such an egregious error. Of all the families of the horse in existence to-day the thoroughbred is the most inbred. In fact there is not a race horse in existence which is not more or less inbred, and it is generally so. In talking about inbreeding the thoroughbred must be left out, or the argument will be spoiled.

MR. A. J. McMillan, of Mendon, St. Joseph County, has sold his stallion Warwick 4307, to M. M. Stearns, of Erie, Cook Co., Texas, for the sum of \$1,500. Warwick is a

full blooded French draft, registered in Vol. 3 National French Draft Book. He is a dark gray, and was foaled July 10, 1885. He is a splendidly proportioned animal, of the carriage, and is a quick, easy mover, weighing 1,675 pounds. Warwick has been a very productive and sure sire, and has carried off the prize in many show rings. During the past season he has received first premiums at the Southwestern Michigan Fair Association at Three Rivers; also at the meetings of the societies of Kalamazoo and St. Joseph Counties. Mr. McMillan has also sold a fine bay colt, foaled August 1, 1889, sired by imported General Amber, dam Fayette; and a full blooded suckling stallion colt, to W. D. Bell, owner of Dekah, Ill. Mr. McMillan is an extensive breeder of fine horses, and a visit to his farm on Nottawa Prairie will be found very interesting.

Our Animal Friends.

No well informed person denies that the ownership of animals involves the obligation of their proper care and nursing when sick. It is generally admitted that the common mode of treatment is cruel as well as wasteful, in life and suffering. But before you condemn us show us a better system. Now this is precisely what we propose to do: Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics have been in use thirty years, and the testimony of thousands of respectable horse and stock owners is that the results are entirely satisfactory. The medicines are suited to almost every possible disease among domestic animals and can be given without the slightest trouble. They are not poisonous or destructive of health, but cure in far less time than any other remedies. This system of treatment is free from intricacy and difficulty; one who tells the owner just what to do and how to do it; and while safe and satisfactory in results it secures the animal from all cruelty and unkindness. Moreover, it affords the best possible chance for their recovery and usefulness. We think we are acting in the interest and for the benefit of our animal friends, who cannot speak for themselves, when we cordially recommend and endorse Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. So speaks *Our Animal Friends*, the organ of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*N. Y. City Forest and Stream*.

The Farm.

The Irrigation of Arid Lands.

Geo. T. Powell, at the farmers' institute at Antwerp, N. Y., voiced the sentiments of a good many farmers on the propriety of government funds being used to develop the arid lands of the west. Mr. Powell said: "This question touches the interests of farmers everywhere. The great trouble with the agriculture of our country is that we have been stimulating production rapidly, and have been accumulating and carrying a large surplus of grain and other products beyond the demands of our own markets without providing for a wide distribution of the same, which has seriously depressed values. Now, this scheme to attempt to bring into productiveness 100,000,000 more acres of arid land, to pile up a still larger surplus of grain and further depress prices and the value of land in all of our most favored sections surrounded by the best climatic, fertile and productive conditions—this to be done by millions of dollars of added cost by way of taxation—is an outrage upon the farmers of our country, and every farmer, farmers' club and every farmer in the land ought to send a protest to Congress against a dollar of public money being expended for this purpose. Already over \$350,000 has been appropriated by Congress to make surveys for these ditches, which is hardly a drop in the bucket that will be required for this work, let alone the work of construction. It would be far wiser to improve the land we now have under cultivation than to make more acres, induce people to settle upon them, and then in the failure of the scheme those people be left to starve to death, or have to be helped or supported from the already overburdened productive farms of our country."

Magnesia as a Fertilizer.

A recent number of the *Bulletin des Agriculteurs de France* contains an interesting communication by M. Joule on this subject, which we reproduce here because of the importance attaching to the opinion of this eminent chemist:

The utility of magnesia for cereals and vegetation in general has been long known. To go no further back, Bousingault in 1851 gives in his *Economie Rurale* a table of analyses of the ashes of various plants, in which the column devoted to magnesia contains numbers varying from 10 per cent for hemp seed to 17 per cent for maize. The ashes of wheat contain, according to the same table, 15.9 per cent of magnesia. It has been the custom for the last thirty years in the most elementary lectures to state that the ash of wheat is almost exclusively made up of phosphates, potashes, and magnesia. M. Joule himself has always given the percentage of magnesia present whenever he has had occasion to publish the analysis of a soil or plant, and the importance of this element, especially for the production of grain, cannot be unknown to any one. This is, therefore, a sufficient reason for agriculturists to go to the expense of adding magnesia to the soil, and including it in the composition of fertilizers, whenever the land in question is insufficiently supplied with it.

M. Joule is not quite decided as to the exact proportion of magnesia which a fertile soil ought to contain, but he does not hesitate to advise the use of a magnesia fertilizer, whenever the soil contains less than 0.75 per cent, say 3,000 kilos, per hectare (3 1/2 acres), in a layer 30 centimeters thick. In any case he would seldom have to give such advice, for soils which are as poor as this are rare.

The determination of magnesia in soils is somewhat difficult, and the processes given in works on the subject do not usually give exact results. Many soils are therefore set down as deficient in this ingredient which are actually well supplied with it. Spargel generally, magnesia fertilizers are, according to M. Joule, quite useless. In cases where magnesia is actually deficient, cases where they are of the greatest use on the other hand, they are of the greatest use. Very remarkable results can then be obtained by putting down 300 kilos of sulphate of magnesia to the hectare, the cost of

this being 11 to 12 francs per 100 kilos. The same object may also be attained by using the residue from the manufacture of chloride of potassium, which comes into the market under the name of kainite, and consists of a mixture of potassium sulphate, magnesium sulphate, and sodium chloride. This material contains 10 to 12 per cent of potash and about as much magnesia. The good results obtained by its use (for any soil) do not establish the utility of the magnesia, because it is always possible that they may be due to the potassium. The efficacy of magnesium sulphate when used alone, however, settles the question even more decisively than would a chemical analysis.

Home Made Superphosphates.

A late bulletin of the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station gives a plan for making domestic superphosphates from the animal bones that accumulate about the farm. It is as follows:

Crush the bones as thoroughly as possible and provide a barrel of fresh burned lime and three barrels of strong, unslacked hard-wood ash, for every barrel of crushed bone. Use as a base, or mixing hearth, a tight floor, or a level layer of loamy soil about six inches thick. Upon this spread a barrel of ashes, in a similar layer. Then, in a thinner layer, half a barrel of bone; scatter through the bone to fill the spaces, and spread upon it half a barrel of lime, pulverized, not slaked. On this spread a second barrel of ashes. Wet this pile gradually with a sprinkler, using about ten gallons of water, or enough to moisten all but have none run out. Add, in like manner, a half barrel of bone, a half barrel of lime, a barrel of ashes, and ten gallons more of water. Over all scatter about one bushel of land plaster, and cover the entire pile with dry loam. Examine the pile once a week, and add water, if needed to keep all moist, but not wet. In four or five weeks shovel over and thoroughly mix, moisten and pile again, cover with soil and a little more plaster, and leave two or three weeks longer. If pieces of bone then remain undecomposed, sift them out to use in next compost, or add more quicklime and ashes and give further time.

Coughing Pigs.

An old breeder of swine says that when pigs begin to cough they are usually constipated, and he gives them a light dose of sulphur. They need not be physicized, but simply to produce a light, easy, laxative discharge, and this should be done in good weather. Giving sulphur in wet, damp weather will only have a tendency to increase the cold and cough, as the sulphur opens the pores in the skin and they easily take cold when in this condition. If the bowels are constipated, Epsom salts may have to be given with the sulphur, as constipated bowels are sometimes hard to move, and if left in this condition, fever sets in, gradually getting worse and the hog dies. Two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts and a small tablespoonful of sulphur should be a dose sufficient to remove the obstruction in a bad constipated case. However, judgment should be used, as the size of the hog and the severity of the case must be considered. The cold should disappear in a few days and the bowels kept regular that the cough may not appear again. Powdered charcoal, ashes and salt, mixed, should be kept before them in a box. This is essential to their health and well being and is a great assistance in keeping their bowels in proper shape.

Shrinkage of Unsalted Butter.

J. N. Muncey, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "The granular condition of unsalted butter at the time it is weighed causes it to hold a greater or less quantity of water and buttermilk. I have no doubt that some of the phenomenal performances of cows in recent years have been due to their owners' ignorance of this fact."

Butter may be churned so as to hold 25 per cent of water, if weighed as soon as washed. The average salted butter, as marketed nowadays, contains an average of about 11 per cent of water. This is about the condition in which the butter should be when weighed when it is made of cows of the different breeds. Probably 35 per cent of the Western product is bought by the dealers as unsalted butter. Some of this is dry and some contains a considerable percentage of water. A great variation in shrinkage is actually sustained by the purchaser. But the seller says: "If my cow makes 12 pounds of butter per week and I can sell it for 12 pounds, it is immaterial to me how much it shrinks." Very true, but that cow cannot really be said to have given 12 pounds of merchantable butter in one week. It shrinks in salting and working, say, to illustrate, seven per cent, or nearly one pound, and another shrinkage occurs before the retailer has sold it to the consumer and the consumer sustains a shrinkage, so that a fair comparison cannot be made on "merchantable unsalted butter." Let me give actual figures from my sales a year ago.

I was selling unsalted butter to a reliable and honest firm. They were keeping records of their shrinkage. One of the proprietors said to me: "Muncey, your last lot of 62 pounds shrunk 11 pounds after the first working and salting, and now I want you to stay here in the room and watch me salt and weigh this lot." I did so. The unsalted butter this time weighed 85 pounds. He added six pounds of salt, worked and colored the butter and reweighed, and it weighed exactly 84 pounds. He was surprised, for he felt certain that he would be able to demonstrate his veracity as to the shrinkage in this previous lot. Here was a shrinkage of only one pound on eighty-four after the salting and first working. Of course it would again shrink when reworked the next day. Now you ask how I explain this anomaly. The explanation is easy. Butter churned at different temperatures, and washed with water of different temperatures, churned to granules from the size of a pea head to that of buckshot, will vary greatly in weight. This I have found to be the case. The heavy shrinkage of 11 pounds on 62 pounds of the unsalted butter was due to the fact that it had been churned into an exceedingly fine granular condition and had been washed with water almost freezing cold. The result was that it acted like a fine sponge and the water was held between the small, fatty particles. The next lot had been churned into a considerably coarser

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state and the weather was warmer. I say, therefore, that no fair comparison can be made between cows in cases where the butter is weighed unwashed and unsalted, though it may be allowed to drain in the churn for six hours or more. It is very doubtful if even an experienced dairyman on different days can churn cream that will yield like quantities of pure butter and make the unsalted butter weigh exactly the same.

What is Meant by Listing.

Doubtless many, if not most farmers in this State, have no definite idea of what is meant by the method of planting corn called listing. It is a method by which the plowing or "stirring" of the stubble, or even of last year's corn ground, and the planting can be combined in one operation without any other preparation of the seed bed. It is much practiced in the west-central part of the Mississippi Valley, where the soil is inclined to be open, and where drouths are the rule rather than the exception. In some countries in Kansas, for instance, the methods common elsewhere are seldom used, and most of the corn in that entire State is listed. During the two or three years past, manufacturers have begun to introduce listers into the Northwest, hence our interest in trying the method here. A lister is a stirring plow with two mold boards, one throwing to the right, the other to the left. Each lay cuts six or seven inches wide. The lister is run through the stubble, or old cornfield, guided by stakes or other marks, making a furrow, or "dead furrow," for the corn with a ridge, or "back furrows" between these. Some pass over with the listing plow, and afterwards follow in the middle of the furrows with one-horse corn drill. The more approved way, however, is to use the combined implement, which is a listing plow carrying a drill attachment, operated by a wheel running behind in the furrow. The corn is dropped an inch or more beneath the bottom of the furrow by means of a mole or shoe-like follower. The corn is usually harrowed once or twice with a smoothing harrow, run lengthwise with the furrows and afterwards cultivated two to four times. In each operation part of the ridge is worked back into the furrow, leaving the land about level, the last time through and at the same time hilling around the corn.—*From Bulletin No. 5 College of Agriculture, Wisconsin*.

Agricultural Items.

KANSAS farmers have put in the largest acreage of wheat ever known in that State.

THE largest hop-ranch in the world is at Snoqualmie, King County, Washington. It comprises 1,600 acres, 300 in hops. The hops are sent to England and bring 55 cents per pound.

WHEN you plant potatoes on hillsides, run the rows around the hills, never up and down. Thus you prevent washing. A strip of sod left along a hillside will sometimes prevent deep washing.

AN English syndicate wants to buy the rights of South Carolina in the phosphate lands in that State. Enough money could be realized to pay up the State debt, and the farmers would like to have it done.

BUCKWHEAT seems to be repulsive to many insects. Cutworms cannot subsist on it, and as it kills out everything else on which they might live, they are starved out. Buckwheat is an excellent cover to plant in young orchards, or on any land it is desirable to clear from insect enemies.

A FARMER living near Antwerp, N. Y., has a 350-ton silo and will build another next year. He feeds 30 cows, gets from 25 to 270 per pound for butter sold under contract and made by the most approved methods, and says his cows return him an income of \$100 per head. He stood right up in meeting and told all about it.

NEBRASKA farmers who raised sugar beets for the sugar factory, in spite of the drouth which shortened their crops, in many instances made a net profit of \$10 to \$60 per acre, according to the statements of the factory at Grand Island. If this be a fact, there is no danger but that the factories will get all the sugar-making material wanted.

THE entire income of the people of the Punjab, a section in India which produces the most wheat for export, was in 1889, only \$8.75 per capita, from all sources, whereas \$14.50 per capita is estimated to furnish only the bare necessities of life. Fully one-fifth of the people of India go through their whole lives insufficiently fed. They are obliged to sell their crops, rather than eat them, because they must have money to pay rent and taxes, the government owning the land.

EUROTIASMA, the Jersey cow with a record of 945 pounds of butter in a year, only weighs 820 pounds herself. Many dairymen and farmers are skeptical concerning these phenomenal records, but L. S. Mardin explains that the key to the riddle is the correctly balanced ration. Eurotiasma was fed 14 lbs. of grain per day, one-third each of cornmeal, ground oats, and wheat middlings. After a month this was reduced to 21 pounds, which was continued to the end. She had in addition on all the hay or ensilage she could eat.

THE American Cultivator very truly says: "Any practical scheme for forest preservation must be one which appeals to the common sense and business judgment of the owners. It is a noticeable fact that those who write and speak most frequently on the subject have no pecuniary interest in the forests, nor are they willing to invest a dollar in their preservation either for practical or sentimental purposes. The most intelligent owners adopt the sensible method of cutting the large and over-ripe trees, thus allowing the smaller specimens more air, sunlight and plant food. Thus managed, the woodlands of New England will always furnish an abundant supply of forest products."

Ringed noises in the ears are caused by catarrh. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sassaaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood.

The Poultry Yard.

ONE thousand turkeys were picked and prepared for the market in one day at an Allegan poultry establishment, just prior to Thanksgiving.

BUCKWHEAT, says T. Greiner, is a useful food for laying hens and valuable to fatten turkeys and fowls, more particularly before cold weather sets in.

HIRAM MURRAY, of Canton, Wayne Co., raised 70 chicks which, hatched in April, weighed 648 lbs. when sacrificed at Thanksgiving; an average of 9 1/4 lbs. each.

THE St. Johns Independent says Mrs. George Crocker, of Olive township, has a flock of fifty-five hens which have produced within the last nine months, \$73.60 worth of eggs. There is nothing slow about those birds.

THE bronze turkey heads the list of improved varieties and is purely an American bird. A two or three year old gobbler crossed on common hen turks will add several pounds to the weight of the chicks the first year, and the excess of weight will pay for the care the first year.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says a good word for the Pekin or Aylesbury ducks, which he considers well adapted for economical purposes, being good layers, having large bodies, fine plumage and their growth from the shell up to eight or nine weeks being phenomenal. But ducks are filthy and noisy, and eat enormous quantities.

AN eastern exchange says New York city was in a bad way for turkeys at Thanksgiving. The supply has not been so light and poor for years. The reason is said to be that Boston took the cream of the shipments by an all around bid of 25 cents per pound for wholesale lots. Another cause alleged is the home markets of the cities which usually furnish the supply exhausted the stocks.

C. W. LUCK, of Mt. Morris township, reports that in the month of May among a brood of chickens hatched on his farm was one that at the age of four months began to lay eggs, that she laid a nest of nine eggs, sat on them, hatched them all out, and at the age of five months was the mother of a brood of nine chickens, seven of which are now alive and healthy.—*Flint Globe*.

To secure eggs in winter we must feed for them; the possession of a brood of winter layers will not secure us the desired number of eggs. We must stimulate our hens with warm messes of egg producing food. We feed our hens for breakfast a warm mess of meal, bran or middlings, to which we add cooked rice, beans or potatoes. We mix this into a very stiff dough, stiff enough to crumble between the thumb and finger. At noon we scatter some grain in the chaff upon the floor and at night we give them a full feed of shelled corn. In addition to this they have green food and meat scraps each alternate day—meat to-day, green food to-morrow. They have plenty of pure water to drink and oyster shells (crushed) and gravel where they can pick all they want whenever they are so inclined. I mix a small amount of oil meal with their soft food once a week; it regulates the bowels and helps to keep them healthy.—*Michigan Poultry Breeder*.

THE "ACME" AGRICULTURAL BOILER. For COOKING FEED for STOCK, Heating water and Generating Steam for Various Purposes. For Descriptive Circular and Price List, address the manufacturer, C. H. P. DICKINSON, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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PROF. R. JENNINGS' E-VINCO LINIMENT! Nothing can pay any young gentleman or lady better than a course in the Business, Short-hand, and Penmanship departments of the DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.

Improved Incubator EXCELSION. Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Handsome in appearance, perfect in construction, and gives the largest percentage of fertile eggs at less cost than any other. Circular free. GEO. H. STALL, QUINCY, ILL.

Time Your Horses!

Recognizing the great interest which is felt in our State regarding the breeding and development of the American trotter, and the general demand which exists for a reliable timekeeper at a very low price, which will enable a breeder to test the speed of his young animal, we have contracted with the Manhattan Watch Co., New York City, to supply subscribers to *The Farmer* with such a watch, and at a cost which will enable every young man to secure one. We have selected two styles, from which a choice can be made.



Style No. 1. This is a Gold Filled, Open Face, Registered Stop Second Watch. It is a stop watch; sweep second, each second splits into fifths for timing horses, etc. It has a solid case made of three sheets of metal, the outer ones gold, the inner one steel, which gives it great strength and durability. It has the latest improvement of every kind in winding, setting, opening, etc. The cut below shows the back of the case.



The cases are made with hinged backs, which are engine turned, and with snap joint fronts. Every one who sends in his name as a subscriber to *The Farmer* for one year, accompanied by \$14, will receive one of the watches and the paper one year. The manufacturer of the watch guarantees to keep in repair one year free, and the case is guaranteed by the manufacturer for 15 years. These guarantees accompany each watch.



Style No. 2. This is a handsome nickel silver watch, for timing horses. It is as reliable as the most costly, and the price at which we offer it brings it within the

Horticultural.

WASHTENAW COUNTY POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Third Annual Meeting—The Society in a Prosperous Condition.

Mr. J. J. Parshall presided over the annual meeting. The secretaries read their annual reports. The topics discussed during the year and the business routine of the society were very interesting and useful to growers and shippers of fruit.

The great loss of the society by the death of President Baldwin, whose enthusiasm in pomology and whose business ability were so highly appreciated, and of Mr. Anson Sessoun, who was ever ready to aid the society by his presence in the meetings, by his counsel, and his means, was especially dwelt upon in the report of the corresponding secretary.

The treasurer reported a membership of 25 and \$6.75 in the treasury.

Prof. Baur and Mr. Garzorn were appointed a committee to look into the distribution of the annual report of 1880 by the State Horticultural Society, of which this society had not received a copy.

It was resolved that Mr. C. D. Parshall present his report on transportation to the next meeting and notify the shippers of fruit of their share in the expense of transportation with the request to pay their pro rata to Mr. L. Gruner, S. S. Main street. E. Baur was in favor of attracting young men to the society by distributing the fruit among them. Quite a discussion arose on this point.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

J. A. Scott, president. All were glad that the honorable president of this society came to the front again. J. J. Parshall, first vice-president; Wm. McCreery, C. C. Clark, L. Palmer, vice-presidents; J. Garzorn, recording secretary; E. Baur, corresponding secretary; J. Allmand, treasurer. Executive committee: W. F. Bird, J. G. Schenck, J. T. Fuller; Prof. J. B. Steere, (chief of Entomology and Ornithology); Prof. M. W. Harrington, (Climatology); Prof. V. M. Spaulding, (Botany); Prof. A. B. Prescott, (Hygiene).

W. F. Bird wished to get up an enthusiasm for this society and proposed the announcement of the topics of discussion a month in advance, with the name of the person leading in each topic. J. F. Fuller would not have any of the proceedings of the society published. These publications were an excuse for many fruit growers to join and pay fifty cents a year. They could get the work of the society gratis. The corresponding secretary remarked that in entering the count house, he was stopped by a reporter who expected emphatically that he should get the report first, early Monday morning, for his day.

The great clamoring of the public was for fruit, the more the better; it meant health. The students of the University shorted the sweet dream of strawberry shortcake, when this society announces that this luscious berry will be plenty and cheap. Please look at the fruit interest which has been created by the doings and publications of this society! How many people find employment thereby? Every newspaper in the city wants the reports. They are copied by the press of the State and out of the State. Poor fruit growers who take such advantage of their fellows! They may consider themselves smart, but they should remember the scriptural maxim: "It is more blessed to give than to receive" which is a philosophy in itself and applies to every relation of life. Moreover, we cannot publish all deliberations of the society, and must omit sometimes the most important matters. The society needs the talents of these absent brethren.

Luther Palmer, of Dexter, who means business whenever he is present, missed the ladies, who in past days patronized the meetings more liberally by their presence. Instead of doing so much business we should pay more attention to the beautiful, flowers, etc. We killed the society by talking fruit factory, was the remark of one member, who seems to have forgotten that we had very large attendance during the winter and spring meetings, and that our fruit factory is one of the greatest and best achievements of our society. It was stated that the election of Mr. Scott to the presidency would attract the ladies more than all the rest of the members together.

FRUIT EXHIBIT.

J. J. Parshall: Apples—King, Baldwin, Jonathan, Red Canada, Spy, Fallaway, Greening, Talmay Sweet, J. Allmand; Winter Nellis Pear. E. Baur: Cabashes, Mother Apples; Winter Nellis Pear, Clinton and Salem Grapes.

TOPICS FOR JANUARY MEETING.

Should Fruit Growers Sell Specialties? Paper by W. F. Bird. Pear Blight, paper by J. Garzorn. Curled Leaf in Peach Trees, paper by C. C. Clark.

EMIL BAUR, Cor. Sec'y.

Manuring Bearing Orchards.

On my orchard of bearing trees I haul out as many as forty wagon loads of manure to the acre every year and spread it over the ground. I mulch my trees thoroughly. I think it is an impossibility for a tree to bear fruit and live any length of time, making a thrifty growth unless the ground is properly manured. If it requires all the vitality there is in a tree to ripen and mature its fruit without making growth it will not last long. I have observed that from experience, if we can keep the ground rich enough to make a tree have considerable growth, besides maturing its fruit, then there is a proper prospect of its living a number of years.

I have trees in my orchard that have now stood there 28 years, and to-day they are just as healthy as they were 20 years ago; at least I sold more than four tons of apples from an orchard of Duchess of Oldenburg, seven by nine rods in size, this season. The trees bear every year; but this result is only accomplished by means of heavy manuring and watering. I have other trees likewise that I treat in the same manner. I find as they grow older that they require more mulching. The vitality in a tree must be kept up. It appears to me there is a similarity in animal and vegetable life. We must feed a tree, because this yearling must be fed to produce its fruit each and every year. The results with me from mulching have been very satisfactory. It keeps the ground in good condition and does not let the grass grow. However, manuring may be done with young trees, but when a tree comes into bearing it needs much food. —William Somerville in Minnesota Horticultural Report.

PLUMS AND PLUM CULTURE.

Paris, November 22, 1880.

The American government has commanded 50,000 Agen plum seedlings, from the nursery men of the extensive districts where the famous French plums are grown and cured for foreign consumption. The plum districts are limited to the departments of the Lot, the Tarn, and Lot-et-Garonne. They are the hill-sides that are preferred for this variety of fruit farming, which is very profitable. Taking a series of seasons, the net profit per acre varies from 150 to 320 fr. The expense is not nominal. As the United States appears to be embarking in the cultivation of French plums, known as *pruneaux*, when delivered to commerce, a description of the planting and rearing of the plum tree, and the preparation of its fruit for the market, may be useful and timely.

The plum tree is said to be a native of Syria. However, it has been known in France since time immemorial. It is of all fruit trees the least difficult, in respect to soil; any arable land will suit—provided it be not too argillaceous or too humid. In compact clay the tree fails. It is burned up and becomes yellow on too sandy soils. The root of the plum tree tends rather to keep near the surface, than to taper into the ground. A fairly arable soil, with a permeable sub-soil, will unite the requisite conditions. Light saline manures, or rich and well decomposed composts, are favorable to the plum tree; not so, fresh and farm yard manures, as these produce parasitical mushrooms on the roots, and ulcers on the trunk. For the most delicate varieties of plum, the climate that suits the vine is best, although the tree succeeds well where the vine does not. Late frosts, and fogs, are detrimental when the flowers set in, and a situation neither too hot nor too exposed ought to be chosen for planting ends.

The plum tree is propagated by sowings, layers, budding, grafting and suckers. The last is the worst system of reproduction, for the trees will have a tendency to send forth suckers, and to be short-lived. The Agen plum, *prunier d'Ale*, the word *ale* originally meant grafted tree—and *roble de Sargen*, are the two varieties cultivated for the export fruit trade and are chiefly reproduced from suckers. As already observed, this mode of propagation is not to be recommended. The best plan is, to raise the trees from seeds, and importers would do well to satisfy themselves that what they purchase has been so raised. The nursery bed is prepared by trenching the soil to the depth of two feet before winter; throwing the earth roughly, into narrow ridges, to allow the air to circulate and the soil, which ought to be fairly rich, to dry. To obtain good seed, select a tree bearing beautiful fruit. Allow the latter to ripen till the plums drop; rather and dry them in the sun.

If there be no fear of rats or field mice, the plums could be sown at once, or at least in autumn. The better plan is to place the stones of the fruit, or the fruit itself, in layers in boxes, with some intervening dry mould or sand, keeping in a cellar and free from exposure to cold. Such boxes could be packed and exported, with a "kept dry" and "with care" recommendation on the case. In February or March, the nursery bed having been enriched, and made up with a raised border to retain the waterings—furrows are made, one inch deep, six inches apart, and the plum stones dropped into the rows, at distances of four inches. It will be found that some of the shells are half open when being sown, whilst others will display their radicals. Weeding and watering are the only operations the young plants demand. Some may be fit for transplanting even in the autumn, but it is better to defer that operation till the second year. At the latter period, some of the seedlings may be strong enough for budding; the eye near the soil is preferred for the operation, and the most propitious moment is that when the movement of the first sap ceases—say the first fortnight of July. Only then is watering necessary.

In the case of suckers planted out, a soil 15 inches deep suffices provided the sub-soil be not impervious. The young trees are planted in fields, with wheat generally, and in vineyards: the mixed culture injures the crops a little, but the loss is compensated by the plum crop. For example, a field is divided into bands 23 feet wide; between every two bands, that is to say at 15 yards apart, the trees are planted out. The first year following this planting out, the trees are pruned to get rid of superfluous, or badly placed branches, and to prevent precocious fruit bearing. Leave three branches for the first year; this will produce six or eight secondary branches the following year. Prune rather short than long, but never cut in excess—that being against nature. The ideal is, to so prune a plum tree that it will recall in shape, a tulip—the interior well open. Suppress all blossoms or rosettes during the first three or four years.

Avoid pruning in spring, to prevent exudation of the sap. From the fifth or sixth year, the tree may be allowed to bear fruit, and when the tree is formed and twigs thrown out, desist from pruning, save for the removal of dead wood, or to give air to the tree, or to do away with a sickly branch. The young branches are held to yield the best fruit, and this leads some cultivators to liberally remove the old wood, which is a mistake. Excessive pruning shortens the life of the tree. The *roble de Sargen* variety lasts from 25 to 50 years.

The wood of the plum tree is employed by cabinet makers, and it also yields a common brown dye. The fruit when dried, etc., is called *pruneaux*. In some seasons when the crop is abundant, the plums are placed in barrels, allowed to ferment, and a small wine is thus obtained. When distilled, a spirit is prepared, which to the uninitiated passes for kirsch. The plums are dried upon trays, or straw, in the sun for 48 hours, turning them constantly, in ovens, or in both alternately, and are eaten raw, stewed or as a jam. In Poland, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland and the east of France, plums are extensively distilled for local brandy—where happily its consumption is confined. Agen, Tours and Brignoles are celebrated for their dried plums or *prunes*. It is Tours that supplies the north of France with such plums, and Agen, the English, Colonial, Dutch, Russian, and above all, the American markets. When the plums are stoned, dried and flattened, they are known in commerce as *pistoles*, from their resemblance to an

ancient form of money of that name; and have a large sale among Anglo-Saxon purchasers. The prunes of Digne are all sundried, and are in high repute. The *prune fleurie*, with its bloom or white flower preserved, comes from the Lower Alps and sells very dear.

The Shawassee Beauty.

Dr. Hoskins, in *Garden and Orchard*, says of this variety of apple, which originated in this State:

"I think I shall do readers a favor in again calling their attention to this valuable market apple. It is a seedling of the Fameuse or Snow apple of Canada, and possesses all the merits of that apple, and more, without any of its faults. Any one who has had the vexation of gathering two and sometimes three barrels of a variety worth any time, when fair, four dollars per barrel (and none too fair at that), will appreciate the pleasure that I have had in an apple that is always fair, and is larger, better, and handsomer than its parent. Fully do I respond to an expression of wonder made to me some years since by Secretary Garfield, of Michigan, that this remarkable apple has not been taken in this extensively planted."

"It is not an exact reproduction of the Fameuse in external appearance, being larger and datter, and with a somewhat different shade of red. But it has the same white flesh, and the same peculiar and popular flavor, with a little more tartness, which is an improvement on the original. The tree is more healthy and vigorous with me, simply because it is more hardy and endures our severe winters better. The Fameuse is a good grower and succeeds perfectly, so far as the tree is concerned, in any climate a little milder than mine, like that of Montreal, which, though north of me 100 miles, is so much lower so as to give it a milder winter temperature. But the Fameuse at Montreal, where it once grew fair, is proving quite unprofitable from the effects of the spot and crack fungus. I have just ordered 100 more trees of it. The season of the Shawassee is from Thanksgiving to Christmas, and the fruit just fits the season."

"The green Fameuse has the form, flesh, and flavor of which so many seedlings exist in Canada, but without its rich color. It, however, does not rot, and for this reason Mr. Shepherd is propagating it. The quality is very fine, and it may prove worth planting, but color goes a long way in selling an apple."

Proper Pruning.

Removal of small twigs is not injurious; but cutting off branches of three or four inches diameter is hurtful. It is a good rule from the beginning to preserve a straight stout leading shoot, merely topping back when it outgrows the side branches; never permit it to fork, or endless trouble as well as unsightliness will result. Wind, sleet and snow split apart the heads of such neglected trees; a few minutes' attention in early life would have prevented the disfigurement. Distances are very deceptive in young trees; limbs that seem sufficiently wide apart when young are often crowded at maturity; endeavor to treat the case as if the branches had attained full development. A crowded top, preventing free circulation of air, is decidedly objectionable. Shade does not harm the fruit, but a mass of weak branches never adds to the crop. On the other hand, some varieties are naturally open and straggling in growth, so that to induce a denser head it becomes necessary to prune back the extremities of the side branches. Such trees are less difficult to manage than the former, but should not on this account be neglected. It is impossible to prescribe rules governing the whole operation, owing to wide dissimilarity of growth in the multitude of kinds of fruit now in cultivation. General principles only may be given, and these have to be modified according to the subject in hand. It is simply a matter of taste and judgment, and can only be governed by common sense aided by experience. Many a professional trimmer, especially in cities and towns, are most careless. Numerous ugly stumps jutting out from the trunk are obnoxious, and long serious wounds just below show that the bark had been stripped off in cutting. Seriously consider the possibilities of each large branch before passing judgment upon it, and never remove such unless the tree can be thus benefited. Cut close to its base, shave the surface smooth, and cover the wound with some preparation which will prevent exposure to air—as gum-sheila dissolved in alcohol, paint, or even a mixture of cow-manure and clay. Under this coating new bark will quickly form and the tree recuperate.—*Joshua Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Cutting out Old Trees.
The *New England Farmer* gives us some good advice relative to the cutting out of old useless trees, whether on the lawn, in the orchard or plowing lands, saying:

If a fruit or shade tree has outlived its usefulness do not hesitate to remove it and convert it into lumber or fuel. Most persons when setting shade trees plant them too thickly, not realizing how they will look when matured. Many houses are rendered damp and unhealthy by too much shade, particularly on the sunny sides. An evergreen is rarely in place on the southerly side of a dwelling house. In winter one needs all the sunshine there is. Plant evergreens where the cold winds will be broken up or where a screen is needed. Deciduous trees and shrubbery are in better taste and more healthful on the sunny sides. Do not allow a false sentiment to keep a tree of any kind standing where its room would be more desirable.

On most old farms there are many fruit trees that are worthless and should be removed. They annually produce crops of injurious insects which migrate to other trees of value. It is of little use to attempt to rid an orchard of appleworms, caterpillars, canker worms, borers or apple maggots if the pastures and fields adjoining or in the near vicinity are dotted by neglected old trees. It is some work to cut and split an old apple tree into stove wood but at this comparatively leisure season it will pay to do it. But do not cut down trees of any kind in fields that are to be plowed and cultivated, but dig them out—root and top at once. A fast stump is often worse than a rock to hit a plow or cultivator against. Never cut a tree and leave the stump to be taken out later. Dig well about the trunk to the principal roots can be cut off and then

the weight of the tree with a little urging with a long rope hitched near the top will bring it over stump and all.

Money in Peaches.

Edward Warden, of Hunterdon Co., N. J., has a farm of 30 acres most of which is devoted to peach culture. This year it surpassed the history of any farm in the country. It was the only farm in the State that gave an abundant crop. While other orchards were entirely devoid of fruit, its trees were loaded down.

The good farmer read the newspapers and occasionally visited neighboring farmers, and when some New York speculators found him out and told him that peaches were a drug on the market he listened attentively, said nothing and bought some double-barreled shotguns for himself and his three sons. Night and day these four men, divided up into watches, kept vigilant eye over that precious ripening fruit, till at last the peaches were safely harvested, and the wily speculators, convinced that the farmer was no moonshiner, laid down \$15,000 in crisp American gold certificates and the entire crop became theirs. In this way the Hunterdon County farmer reaped a profit of 750 per cent. on the actual value of his land, which is doing well for a farmer—and a Jersey farmer—this year.

Strawberry Plants Set in Autumn.

We have occasionally found it convenient to set strawberry plants in autumn, and in one instance set a small bed in February during an unusually warm winter when the ground in the garden was not frozen. Blocks of earth were lifted containing the plants, and set in excavations previously made of the right size. They bore fruit the next June. This mode of planting was hereafter adopted at other seasons, and it succeeded well with light soil and with soil not too wet. For if the soil contains too much moisture, the spade compresses it and makes it too hard when dry. It is of course employed only when the plants grow in the same garden, a number of the blocks being placed in a wheelbarrow for conveyance from one bed to the other. The principal danger with novices is in packing the soil in blocks too hard with the spade in digging. E. Williams, of Montclair, N. J., has adopted this mode with success at the end of summer, and has found the plants thus treated, with full length of roots, much better than in potted plants, and he estimates the success fifty per cent. better than with plants packed and bought with denuded roots, and from a distance.—*Country Gentleman.*

Profitable Grape Growing.

No one kind of fruit is so safe and profitable everywhere as is the grape. There are large portions of the country where a few late varieties will not ripen; but even near the Canada line, and in some parts of Canada itself, grapes of the highest quality can be grown and perfectly ripened. Even at comparatively low prices there is more money in this fruit than in any farm crop requiring as little labor. Six to eight tons of Concord grapes have been grown per acre after the vines get into full bearing, and at the low price of two cents per pound this affords a handsome profit over expenses. There are other grapes, like Worden, fully as good and productive as Concord, and a week earlier, besides others which may produce slightly less, but will always bring a higher price. The Delaware is not reckoned a strong grower, and both berry and bunch are small. But three to five tons of Delaware grapes to the acre are not uncommon, and if the fruit is judiciously thinned this amount may be ripened without injury to the vines.

The management of grape vines, including the gathering and marketing of the fruit, requires will and pay for superior intelligence. Most of the work is not so severe as that usual in growing farm crops, and a great deal of it in most successful vineyards is performed by women. The planting of a few acres with two or three of the best kinds of grape vines is a better assurance of a good income one year with another than the investment of a small sum of money in any other business. Even the present year, when other kinds of fruits have generally failed, the grape crop has been large and well ripened. Grapes this year have brought better prices than usual, and some growers have sold, or will sell when they finish, as much as \$300 per acre.

The healthfulness of grape growers is well known. Those who work at harvesting in the two months that this work is in progress always gain weight, and those who begin with pale cheeks come out ruddy and healthy at the close. Of course the picking of fruit can be done in damp weather, but even on rainy days there is plenty to do indoors in packing the fruit in boxes for distant markets. When starting in the business of grape growing, it is advisable to select localities where previous successes have shown that they are adapted to this fruit, and to be guided in selection of varieties and general management by those who have had successful experience.—*Am. Cultivator.*

Culture of Mushrooms.

Several farmers in the western part of the State are making good wages by raising mushrooms for the Chicago and Grand Rapids markets. A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* gives a few general hints on growing them, which may encourage others to go into the business, cautiously at first, till they "know the ropes" and have learned whether there is "any money in it" for them:

Beds for continuous production should be prepared in July or early August, and then a month later renewed about every four weeks. It will take the plants about a month to come up, and after that they will be picked for three or four weeks before bed gives out. A succession of beds then should follow, so that the grower can supply the market right along. The early beds should be made in the open air, but as the season advances the beds should be made in sheds or in some artificial place of protection. To supply the market during the early winter months heated houses will be necessary, and for one who makes a business of growing mushrooms this should not be neglected. Such a house should be used sometimes during November, for up to that date the plants will do well enough in the outdoor beds.

In making an indoor bed during this month a ridge-shaped bed is probably as good as

any; and this should not be made too tapering. A dry bottom should be secured, and alternate layers of horse manure and light, dry earth should constitute the heap. A series of trial stakes should be shoved through the mass down to the very bottom. The heat of the interior should never be so great as to make the stick uncomfortable to the hand when it is first withdrawn. Ten days after being built it should be cool enough to place bricks of spawn on the sides of the ridge. The spawn bricks are placed about six inches apart in the sides of the sloping bed. These bricks can be purchased from nursery men, or shipped from a distance, and kept an indefinite length of time. When placed on the sides of the bed a fine layer of earth is spread over all, and beaten down compactly. A coat of straw then covers all. The bed should be kept moderately warm, and in a month the mushrooms should show themselves. If the beds get too dry in the house it will be necessary to water them with water at a temperature of 80°. The atmospheric temperature of the house should range between 60° and 65°. As the mushrooms in the houses can be kept until better than those in out-of-door beds, where they are subject to all sorts of atmospheric changes. Mushrooms raised in such a place can be prepared for holidays, and kept up until the first of the year, after which the prices decline.

Horticultural Items.

R. P. POWELL, of Oneida County, N. Y., says Bush No. 5 is a grand strawberry. The berry is large and rich, the vine a good grower and bearer. It endures drought well.

N. H. GREEN, a New Yorker who has a Dutchess pear orchard of 2½ acres, realized \$1,100 from it this year. But he applied 75 loads of first class manure as top dressing last spring.

As indicative of the extent of the culture of the grape and the remarkable consumption induced by the abundance, cheapness and excellence of the supply, the Milwaukee Sentinel says Milwaukee disposed of 5,500,000 lbs. of grapes this fall, about 12 lbs. per capita.

It is said no healthy person has ever been made ill by eating grapes. The German and Italian "grape cures" are famous. Thither go invalids, by advice of their physicians, and literally live on the ripe grapes, often recovering health and strength with their use.

A MONROE COUNTY, N. Y., farmer has scraped the trunks of 350 fruit trees this fall, and calculates the destruction of nests and rings of eggs on the branches, as well as cocoons and insects in the crevices of the bark is going to prevent much damage to the foliage in the spring.

The Red Dutch currant holds its place as favorite in the market year by year to the exclusion of the larger and fancier kinds, even the Cherry. Its splendid jelly-making properties render it, when well grown, a profitable and valuable currant to raise, notwithstanding its small size and modest appearance compared to some other sorts.

THREE varieties of sugar beets grown on the farm of Gen. Rusk were recently sent to the experimental station of the agricultural department to be analyzed. One very large specimen tested 180 pounds of sugar to the ton. Two medium or small varieties showed a sugar test of 230 and 245 pounds, respectively, to the ton of beets.

PROBABLY the best paying orchard for its size which has been reported is that belonging to Wm. Underdonk, of Hamlin. He has two acres of apple trees. The fruit was sold for \$282.33 in cash, or a net income of over \$186 per acre. He says that these excellent results are no doubt due to a thorough spraying of the trees at the proper time. The fruit was exceptionally fine.—*Edison Rapidist Journal.*

THE bulk of this year's supply of western fruit comes from Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Southern Iowa. The crop in Missouri is enormous. It is only within a short time that fruit dealers have known the extent of the orchards in Kansas and Missouri. In the latter State, the best fruit is grown near St. Joseph, but the region extends along the entire northern border of the State. The value of the apple crop in Missouri has been estimated at over \$9,000,000.

BENJAMIN G. SMITH, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to *Garden and Forest*, that after cultivating six varieties of hardy grapes, one on each vine, in order to ascertain the best varieties for family use, the following ripening in the order named, are the twelve most approved in his family: Lady Moore's Early, Cottage, Elmore, Worden, Wilder, Barry, Brighton, Massachusetts, Preludes and Iona. Although in a city lot the vines are set eight and ten feet apart in eight foot rows. The grounds are underdrained and subsoiled, and manured only with cow manure, ground bone and wood ashes. The vines are laid down in November.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed.

Catarrh

"I will say I have been troubled for several years with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney trouble."—*W. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.*

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I have received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy I have ever tried."—*M. E. READ, of A. Read & Son, Wausau, O.*

THE GLORY OF MAN
STRENGTH VITALITY
How Lost! How Regained!

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY
UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Indiscretion, Excesses or Overwork, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

It contains 400 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price only \$1.00 by mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free. If you apply now, the distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., of the National Medical Association for this PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, Dr. Parker's complete, detailed, by mail, or in person, at the office of THE READY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Hollis St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

Fargo's Shoes
for the Family

Fargo's \$2.50 Calfskin for Gentlemen and Boys. Fargo's \$2.50 Ladies' Best for Ladies and Misses. Fargo's \$2.50 School Shoes for Boys and Girls. Our motto is the bottom of every shoe. Ask your dealer to send you a pair on receipt of this ad. We will send you a pair on receipt of this ad. The name of the shoe is on the sole of the shoe. The name of the shoe is on the sole of the shoe. The name of the shoe is on the sole of the shoe.

G. H. FARGO & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

NORTHERN TREES
GROWN
Agents, COB & CONYER, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Descriptive catalogue free. Liberal inducements to good growers. Agents, COB & CONYER, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
Wayne County Savings Bank
At Detroit, Michigan, at the close of business, October 2, 1880.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$1,348,430.10
Real Estate Loans.....997,463.30
Surplus fund and undivided profits.....4,473.42
Savings deposits.....2,124,858.72
Bank from banks in reserve cities.....786,489.59
Due from banks.....130,000.00
Furniture and fixtures.....6,005.19
Other real estate.....\$5,256.09
Current expenses, taxes paid and premium paid on bonds.....11,803.36
Cash in vault.....11,500.65
Total.....\$5,255,215.89

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in.....\$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund and undivided profits.....4,473.42
Savings deposits.....2,124,858.72
Premium, foreign exchange and rent accounts.....976.18
Total.....\$5,255,215.89

State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.:
I, Wm. Stagg, Assistant Treasurer of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of October, 1880.

G. F. COLLINS,
Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

Correct—Attest:
DOW ELWOOD,
JEROME CROUL,
WM. A. MOORE,
Directors.

S. DOW ELWOOD, President.
J. S. FARRAND, Vice-President.
Wm. Stagg, Asst. Treasurer.
Directors—D. M. Ford, Jerome Croul, J. S. Farrand, Wm. A. Moore, F. W. Palmer, Francis Adams, H. Kirke White, L. P. Knight, S. Dow Elwood.

Money to loan in sums of \$300 and upwards, on satisfactory securities, at current rates of interest.

Municipalities, either cities, counties, townships, school districts, contemplating issuing bonds, will find it to their interest to correspond with this institution.

All applications in person or by letter will have immediate attention.

n15-6t
S. D. ELWOOD, President.

Wayne County Savings Bank
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A Fine Watch?
If So, Here is an Opportunity to Get One.

Below we show three styles of watches which we offer to readers of the FARMER, only, at less than wholesale prices. The watches are manufactured by the Manhattan Watch Co., of New York City, and we will guarantee them to be precisely as represented. The Company guarantees to keep the watches in repair for one year free. They are shipped direct from the factory by mail prepaid. Now read the following offers:

FOR \$16.00

We will send you a gentleman's hunting case gold-filled watch, handsomely engraved back and front, guaranteed to wear 15 years with Elgin movement, and the FARMER one year. The cut below is a fine simile of this watch, and it is as handsome and reliable a time-keeper as though it cost four times the money. No such watch can be purchased from a jeweler for less than three times the price asked.



FOR THE LADIES.

As the holiday season is

MICHIGAN FARMER
—AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers,

Nos. 40 and 42 West Larned St.,
DETROIT, MICH.

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Subscribers wishing the address of the FARMER changed must give the name of the Postoffice to which the paper is now being sent, as well as the one they wish to have it sent to. In writing for a change of address all that is necessary to say is: Change the address on MICHIGAN FARMER from — Postoffice to — Postoffice. Sign your name in full.

MICHIGAN FARMER
DETROIT, SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1890.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

RENEWALS.

The time of a large number of our subscribers expires with the end of this month. We expect that all will renew their subscriptions for 1891, and wish to impress it on their minds to do it promptly, so their names will not get off the mailing list, and thus lose some of the copies of the paper. We discontinue the paper at the expiration of the time paid for, and cannot always furnish back copies.

TO OUR READERS.

We want to add 10,000 new names to our subscription list the coming year. With a little assistance from our present subscribers this can be done. All that is necessary is that when you are renewing your own subscription you make it a point to send in at least one new name. To those doing this we will send a free copy of Fanny Field's pamphlet, "Practical Turkey Raising for Market and for Profit," which everybody engaged in turkey raising ought to have, and a new beginner in the business cannot afford to be without. Further than this we will send the FARMER for the balance of this year free to all new subscribers.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 26,650 bu., against 13,364 bu. the previous week, or 91,505 bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 54,467 bu., against 37,334 bu. the previous week, and 15,332 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 314,393 bu., against 240,715 bu. last week, and 428,000 bu. for the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 6, was 34,569,534 bu., against 34,527,836 bu. the previous week, and 33,940,664 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 42,938 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 8,770,810 bu.

The week ends with wheat moving upward in spite of many strong influences to depress the market. At the present moment there is a feeling that only by the greatest good luck can the present financial stringency be got over without business of all kinds experiencing a set-back which may mean disaster to thousands. The list of failures in business circles is becoming so large as to be alarming, and must affect all kinds of trade. It is safe to say that with an easy money market here and in Great Britain, wheat would be worth 10¢ to 15¢ more than at present. It shows how very strong the position of wheat is when an advance is made in the face of such a condition of affairs as exist at present, yet advances are reported from New York, St. Louis and Chicago, the latter going up 3¢ on futures. The market here really closed higher than figures show, as offers were made at the close of 98½¢ for No. 2 red, and 98¼¢ for No. 1 white.

The following table exhibits the daily closing sales of Spot wheat in this market from Nov. 15 to Dec. 10, inclusive:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Nov. 15.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 17.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 18.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 19.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 20.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 21.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 22.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 23.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 24.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 25.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 26.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 27.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 28.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 29.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 30.	91½	91¼	91	90½
Dec. 1.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 2.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 3.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 4.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 5.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 6.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 7.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 8.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 9.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 10.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 11.	91½	91¼	91	90½
" 12.	91½	91¼	91	90½

No. 3 white is quoted at 94¢. No. 3 white at 84¢.

The following is a record of the closing prices on the various deals in futures each day during the past week:

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	May.
Saturday.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Sunday.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Monday.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Tuesday.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Wednesday.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Thursday.	94½	94½	94½	94½
Friday.	94½	94½	94½	94½

The Kansas crop report shows an increase in wheat area of 750,000 acres as compared with a year ago. The fly is reported to be doing much damage and to have appeared further west than ever before.

The total of wheat stocks held on December 1, at Odessa, French port, Paris, Berlin, Danzig and Stettin, in first hands in the United Kingdom and Continent, with a total of available stocks east and west of the Rockies, were 107,670,000 bu., against 117,435,000 bu., at the same time last year. Australia anticipates a big wheat crop, but it will be two weeks later than usual.

In reviewing the English wheat markets the London Miller, of November 24, says:

"The markets are lucky to get out of the maelstrom of the money market, with no further loss on wheat than 1 to 15 per cent. in the dull season of the year—the close of November. Considering that the temperature has been much above the normal height of the season, and that the Bank rate of discount at 1 per cent. has been a good argument for private financiers to charge 7 per cent. the steadiness of value in wheat and flour is a matter of congratulation. There was a decided probability that prices would advance, and it was this feeling that acted as a buffer to reduce the effect of the panic atmosphere of the city."

Under date of November 25, the Liverpool Corn Trade News says:

"We have had a good deal of wheat during the last few weeks, but now winter is setting her seal upon the outlets of the great granary of the world. After this week, in which there being few wheat ports shipping, there will only be four—Odessa, Sebastopol, Novorossiisk and Sullina. Then, unless the continental demand diminishes, America and India will be called upon to cope with the weekly demands of western Europe."

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply.	1,850,000
On passage for United Kingdom.	1,850,000
On passage for Continent of Europe.	5,610,000
Total.	9,310,000

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Nov. 29 were 323,390 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Nov. 15, the receipts are estimated to have been 5,421,536 bu. more than the consumption. The receipts show a decrease for those eight weeks of 1,397,793 bu. as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1889.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Nov. 29, 1890, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 520,000 bu., of which 400,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 120,000 bu. for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cable, amounted to 920,000 bu., of which 640,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 280,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to Nov. 29, aggregated 18,180,000 bu., of which 13,060,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 5,120,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1889 the shipments were 18,300,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India Nov. 18 was estimated at 2,445,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 2,096,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Thursday was quoted firm, with fair demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 red winter, 75 3/4¢; California Club, 75 6/8¢; per cent. These prices are unchanged from those reported a week ago.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 51,783 bu., against 64,108 bu. the previous week, and 19,764 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 57,025 bu., against 41,903 bu. the previous week, and 7,375 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. The visible supply of corn in the country on Dec. 6th amounted to 2,278,385 bu., against 3,144,494 bu. the previous week, and 5,730,399 bu. at the same date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 866,109 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 47,344 bu., against 45,170 bu. last week, and 20,076 bu. for the corresponding date in 1889. Corn has declined slightly during the week, and this has been general in all domestic markets. Yesterday quotations closed as follows: No. 2, 53½¢; No. 3, 51½¢; No. 3 yellow, 54¢; No. 3 yellow, 53½¢. In futures January closed with 53¢ bid, and May at 53½¢. At Chicago there was a decline of 3/8¢ yesterday on corn, No. 2 spot closing at 51½¢. In futures No. 2 closed at 51½¢ for January, and 54¢ for May. At New York No. 2 mixed for December closed at 63½¢, and for May at 60½¢. Any decline in corn must be temporary, and we look for an advance as soon as the money market settles. Very little speculative dealing in this market at present.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted firm with fair demand. Quotations were as follows: Spot, 53 3/4¢; December, 53 3/4¢; and January, 53 3/4¢, and February at 53 3/4¢.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 34,938 bu., against 45,503 bu. the previous week, and 64,613 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 33,910 bu., against 3,495 bu. the previous week and none the same week in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on December 6th was 3,909,875 bu., against 3,359,302 bu. the previous week, and 4,869,318 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply shows a decrease of 49,427 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 37,329 bu., against 39,393 bu. the previous week, and 144,643 bu. the corresponding week in 1889. Oats are also lower than a week ago, and from the same cause as have affected corn. The market yesterday closed dull and heavy, with No. 2 white at 45½¢, light mixed at 46¢, and No. 2 mixed at 45½¢. In futures nothing at all was done, and the close was very dull. At Chicago oats also declined, losing about 3/8¢ from the prices of the previous day. No. 2 mixed spot closed at 42½¢, with January futures at 43½¢, and May at 43½¢@45½¢. The New York market stood alone yesterday in making an advance, and closed firm and 1¢ higher than on the previous day. Undoubtedly higher freights helped the advance. No. 3 mixed for December delivery sold at 37¢, and for May at 31½¢.

This dressed hog market got a bad set back this week. The weather was soft on Wednesday and Thursday, and the hogs in the hands of commission men were rushed to the packers. Large numbers of them were marketed at 34.00 per hundred. The weather has hardened up things again, and hogs are bringing \$4.50, with a prospect of higher prices.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market continues very active for choice new-made dairy, and it commands 15¢@30¢ per lb., with the demand in excess of the supply. An extra fine flavored lot will command 21¢. Ordinary and low grade butter is quite plenty, generally received goods from country groceries, and it is difficult to move except at a low range of prices. For creamery there is a good demand, and it is taken readily at a range of 22¢@30¢ per lb., the latter only paid for the best. At Chicago the market is reported steady; the shipping demand was reported light, but there was a fair inquiry on local account, chiefly in small way. Quotations were as follows: Fancy separator butter, 27¢@28¢; fine, 25¢@26¢; fair to good, 23¢@24¢; fancy dairies, 22¢@23¢; medium to good, 18¢@19¢; roll butter, 14¢@15¢; packing stock, fresh, 10¢@12¢; old, 6¢@8¢. The New York market is higher on the best grades, but the general demand is only moderate. Holders, having light stocks on hand, however, are very firm in their views, especially as supplies are not where reported as excessive. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.	
Creamery, State, pale, best.	35 3/8
Creamery, State, pale, extra.	36 3/8
Creamery, State, pale, fine.	36 1/4
Creamery, State, pale, medium.	36 1/8
Creamery, State, pale, low.	36 1/4
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Creamery, State, pale, medium.	36 1/8
Creamery, State, pale, low.	36 1/4
Creamery, State, pale, extra.	36 3/8

Poetry.

DECEMBER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overflows the lonely dale.

On the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chaste play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

ASCERTAIN YOUR WEIGHT.

A TOPICAL REFRAIN.

In public places nowadays there stands a hand-
some scale,

Without proprietor or clerk to tell its simple
tale;

But passers by may read the words engraved
upon a plate,

To "Drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight."

A moral's here, good people, if you'll take a
moment's thought,

A lesson for life's guidance 'tis and most suc-
cessfully taught;

For if it be the part of man to have a bout with
fat,

It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your
weight."

So, if you think that politics affords you widest
scope,

If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and
your hope,

Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you dream that you're an actor, and imagine
you're endowed

With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of
the crowd,

If such and such visions fill your soul with
joy and pride,

Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you feel that you're a poet, and by right divine
belong

To those whose wings have borne them to Par-
nassian heights of song,

If ballads, romances, epics, you long to in-
cubate,

Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only
seek the chance

To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of
romance,

Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a
beast,

If you think that as a lover you could make a
toughing show,

If you deem society the field you ought to cul-
tivate,

Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

In short, whatever the path to which ambition
points the way,

Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make
essay,

For it is well that modesty, before it is too late,
Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain
its weight.

—William L. Koen, Harper's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

MR. LAMAR'S FIND; OR, EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

Mr. Lamar sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Scarborough, and idly swung his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often afflicted in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that only the best people would be bearable to him. But now he was genuinely bored.

Ladies passed—old ones, who swept up the dust with their trains, and who creaked as they moved, as if they wanted oiling; young ones in light frocks, and wide-sleeved hats which cast a shadow over the clearest eyes. They kept banging open the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bursting into bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, silken sheathing of the parasols suddenly furled, and the tapping of little heels upon the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—swiftly, obliquely—from under the hat-brim out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids.

There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and as he looked on the ground he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating: "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensation which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is 35." And he looked up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he didn't look bored any longer. Rather, however, that sacrifice this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and sauntered into an adjoining room. There would be no one to look at there.

The room was empty, cool and dim. It had oak chairs and tables and writing desks, sea-green walls, and a great window opening on the balcony. Outside there were ladies of uninteresting ages sitting under a forest of parasols. Beyond were velvet swoops of clove-cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree-roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the boles of the stately elms and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this

prospect for an infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He picked it up. It was a band about one inch and a half wide, covered with a pucker yellow ribbon and with one end run through a clasp of dull silver showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon beside the clasp, each end finished with a little tongueless silver bell. It appeared to Lamar, from some hanging filaments of thread, that the two ends had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at his find.

"What can it be?" he mused, staring at it.

We have said that he was young, and came of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they wear such vulgar things as stockings or possess such unmentionable things as legs. "Wings, not legs and feet, shall move them," as the poet gracefully expresses it.

Lamar first thought he would take it into the office. But curiously compelled him to study it. It might be worn around the neck; but no, it was not long enough. He drew the severed ends together, and held it off from him, eyeing it dubiously, and reflectively pulling his small moustache. Oh, yes, of course. Now he saw. How dense he'd been! A bracelet. Holding it together, he pushed his hand through it, and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bracelet just like that before," he thought, moving it round and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of awakening light, and for a moment he stood staring at it in stupefied horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. What should he do with it? If he took it to the office the owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was he would never dare to offer it.

He could imagine the scene: A lovely and youthful lady walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Lamar. Lamar in full evening dress, with a white pink in his buttonhole. Then, drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her, murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanishes through a trap door.

The Lamars were famous for chivalrous attitude toward the sex. What should he do to spare her feelings and his own? And he turned the case of his perturbation over in his pocket.

Just then he heard a step outside—a feminine step. With a guilty start, he retreated from the table, fell into a chair, and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noting this feat would of course imagine that he slumbered, and feel themselves safe from espial.

"It is she," thought Bertrand, seized with guilty tremors. "She has come to hunt for it, and he remained motionless.

So did she. There was not the smallest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Bertrand rattled the paper, stabbed a little hole through it with his finger, and peeped at her. She was standing in the doorway, peeping about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow shoes. She was charmingly pretty in a light dress of striped flannel and a loose shirt of thin silk made like a boy's. Under the turndown collar was knotted a four-in-hand necktie of white pique, and about her waist was a worn silk belt clasped with a silver S. She was slowly sweeping the room with a long glance, only her head moving, her figure firmly erect, her right thumb in her belt, and her left hand hanging by her side, and lightly clasping a little leather thing which was wound about her knuckles. As to her head—

—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling up crisply under her raptor hat, delicately rounded cheeks, and gravely-pointing lips—it was an image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug dog on its haunches; gasping and rolling its eyes.

She cast a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper and walked into the room, looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertrand, as she passed him in her search, "if I were innocently ask her what she's looking for, and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'll spare her that."

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. She moved several of the chairs, drew up the lace curtains and looked under them, peeped into all the corners.

When she had searched everywhere she straightened herself with a sigh, threw one last reluctant look about the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest; it isn't here," departed.

Bertrand laid down the paper and looked after her. She appeared to him to have a singular amount of sang-froid, also a very graceful back.

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was consumed with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to its owner without causing her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? If it had been anything else, how delightfully he could have broken the ice with it! But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible!

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought. "I'll wrap it up in paper and the one of the ribbons round it that are on that handkerchief-case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks—as, of course, she will—what it is, I'll say, carelessly, 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful evening it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it, I must flee from the wrath to come. And when next I meet her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall of ice between us. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

At 7 o'clock Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dionysius, in his dress-suit, his shining shirt bosom, and a white pink in his buttonhole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and color.

Mr. Lamar was too perturbed to mingle with the gay, loud-voiced, laughing crowd. He wished for solitude, and directed his

steps towards the little writing-room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, nor tied it up with a ribbon from his handkerchief-case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The sight of its owner might inspire him to the desperate bluff of boldly offering it to her, or suggest to him some cunning way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket, in company with his keys.

The gas in the writing-room was not lit. Mr. Lamar went to the open window. Just outside it, on the balcony, was the young lady who had worn the yellow shoes. She was reading and rocking, her pug in her lap, and if she was pretty in her flannel morning dress, words cannot describe her in a mist of fine black gauze cut square around her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and flawless as a blanchet almond. There was a gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hanging round her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read she absently pulled the pug's ears, which lay with its eyes half open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its fore-paws, gazed at her with an expression of idiotic fondness and tried to lick her chin. She moved this demonstration of affection by avoiding her chin from side to side, keeping her eye still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing:

"Don't, you bad little abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up with the raised eye brows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man desperately and in a low tone.

"Yes?—What is it?"

"I—I don't quite know. Or rather—Well—But—um—I didn't like to leave it at the office. I thought—He leaned out of the window, with his closed hand extended. "Here it is."

She held out her hand and he dropped it in. She looked and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to the ground.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. Thanks awfully! I was so afraid it was lost! Isn't that lucky?" And she looked affectionately at the returned treasure, with her head on one side.

There was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, not the ghost of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill of disappointment and disapprobation.

"You found it in there?" she said, indicating the writing-room, and looking up at him with frank, candid eyes. "Yes, that's where it was lost."

"I supposed so," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," she continued; "under everything; but it was gone."

"Yes," said the young man, with a fatigued inquiry. "If she knew I was behind the paper, she'd ask me why I didn't give it to her then and there; and what the deuce would I say?"

"I value this very much," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"You see, there is only one like it. There is not a simple duplicate anywhere."

She looked smilingly into his face. Lamar stared at her in stupefied horror.

"Only one—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head. "It was made to order."

There was a moment of silence. Lamar made no comment, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. She can't be a veteran of the war."

"When you have only one—and that one such a pet," she continued, "not noticing his silence, 'you like to have everything as pretty as possible.'"

"Yes, yes. Of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it must be somewhat of a treasure," he thought. Then he added boldly, but with an air of confiding a piece of news, "I have two. 'Two?'" said the young lady, with vivacious interest.

"What kind?"

Lamar looked askance at her in alarmed silence. Was she doubly afflicted? She was stroking the pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as 'everybody else's,' he answered, with some hesitation. "Are the people in this part of the country in the habit of mangling with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; but so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—let me see—yes, 11."

"She must be a centipede," thought Lamar. "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a fortune waiting here for any one who wants to start a museum." Then he remarked aloud, regarding her with his head on one side, a tolerant, fond smile on his lips, "That must be an *embarras de richesses*, especially when you are a widow."

"They do get in the way," admitted the young lady; "but most of them are well trained."

"Very clever of them, I am sure," murmured Lamar, feeling that he was about to swoon.

There was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them once before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, eerie fascination.

"You know she loves to run about me," she patted him. "She ran away from me this morning, and when she came back it was gone. She must have crept under the table, and not come out until she had got it off."

"Who is she?" asked Lamar in a troubled voice.

"She? Why, Bobo—my pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come here, Bobo—patting her knee. 'I want to put your collar on, and show this gentleman, who was kind enough to return it to me, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up.' She held the band round the dog's neck, and, turning to Lamar,

said with laughing wickedness: "Isn't it becoming?"

Lamar sat down on the window-sill. He took up the morning paper and began to fan himself with it, although the evening had grown unmistakably cool.

Adjusting the Losses.

It was a clear case of negligence on the part of the engineer. He should have whistled at the crossing and slowed up. He did neither. Farmer B. Bin, driving in to market on a load of hay, was half way across the tracks when the express struck the wagon. For suddenness it beat electrocution all hollow. Farmer B. Bin and the two horses never knew what struck them, and their remains were collected with difficulty.

There facts were laid before Julius Burnett, E. q., solicitor to the railroad, and he said in his pleasant way: "Farmer B. Bin will cost about \$5,000 more than he was worth if the case goes to court. We must settle this with the widow at once."

So Mr. Burnett adjusted his clerical white tie—a bit of dress he was most particular about in his negotiations with widows—and took the first train for Moon's Rest. It was a hot and dusty walk to the B. Bin farm, but when he reached Mrs. Bin's hand and murmured a few words of apologetic sympathy the attorney was the cooler of the two. Then he began: "The Atlantic and Northwestern railroad company have sent me, madam, to offer their deep sympathy. No accident that has ever happened on our line has been so deeply regretted. I assure you, madam, and—"

"Then horses were worth a pium \$200," broke in the widow, rubbing her eyes with the corner of the apron. "J. shu wouldn't take less, he to' Zeph Hanks so las' April."

"As I was saying, madam," continued Mr. Burnett, "our company is deeply grieved—Mr. B. Bin was a—"

"And the wagon's kiln'din' wood," interrupted Mr. B. Bin's relief.

"That's precisely what I came to see you about," said the attorney, changing his course to catch the wind, "in an hour like this, when the earth is bowed down, a little ready money is often desirable, and I see you are a woman who believes in doing business in a business-like manner. Now, these horses, Mrs. Bin, I feel sure our company would like to replace them. It can be done for \$150, can't it. Say, one fifty?"

"Two hundred dollars won't buy them horses' equals," said Mrs. Bin decidedly.

"Then we will pay \$200 for the horses," cheerfully assented the lawyer; "now, for the wagon—we are prepared to be liberal, Mrs. Bin; we know what it is to lose a wagon in this hardening way—shall we say \$25 for the wagon?"

Mrs. Bin nodded her head and murmured: "It's nothing but kiln'din' wood," adding sharply: "You've forgotten the hay and the harness—they ain't no good to me now—an' that harness was nearly new."

"Certainly, Mrs. Bin," the lawyer said, "I was coming to that—\$15 ought to cover that you regard that as satisfactory, of course. Let's see—\$225 and \$15 is \$240. And now, madam, as to that excellent husband of yours, it is my melancholy duty, here he passed, and Mrs. Bin took up the parable with: "Joshua was a powerful worker—nigh on twenty years he run this farm—and hired me to be no worthless."

"Precisely, Mrs. Bin," the lawyer said, "Mr. B. Bin, and I'll draw you a check right now for \$250."

And a check of that size went into Mrs. Bin's bank account that very day.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Cost of Style.

If you live in Washington—or any other city—and want to appear on the avenue in good style, be prepared to pull out your pocketbook. Suppose you want to set up a carriage, how much would it cost you? A pair of showy carriage horses cannot possibly be bought for less than \$600. This is the cheapest. A span of really stylish high-steppers would be worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500. In buying your carriage you can be modest and buy a good coupe for \$1,000, or you can spend a little money and get a fine landau for \$2,400. You can get a good harness, silver mounted, not too heavy or ostentatious, for \$150. You must have a carriage whip with a wooden handle and a long lash, and this will cost you \$10. You cannot possibly get along with less than three pairs of blankets for the horses, a pair of day blankets with your initials in the corners, costing about \$14, a pair of little street blankets for about the same price, and the night blankets, which are cheap and need not be taken into consideration. If you want to do the thing properly you can get a pair of leather-back blankets, with your monogram in silver in the corners, and you can pay about \$40 for them. The lowest possible cost of your outfit will be \$2,000, but it will come nearer to \$4,000. Then you must pay your coachman, if he is one of the best, \$60 a month, and your footman, \$35. Altogether, you will find on investigation that you had better stick to the street car or hire a hack.

The Man With a Patent.

There were only half a dozen people in the palace car all day long, and after dinner, when the man who had been sleeping and reading in seat No. 12 came over to me for a chat, I welcomed him with open arms. He said his name was Sanders, and that he had a patent or improvement on some part of a locomotive. He was going through to Cincinnati to have it perfected or adopted, or something of that sort. He had been in partnership with a man—a man who tried to swindle him out of a fortune. To get even he had taken the patent and run away. He had it with him in a valise. That was all he said just then, but later on he confided to me the fact that a town about thirty miles away this wicked partner of his might possibly be on hand to beard the train and attempt to wrest the treasure from his keeping. He wanted my advice and I offered to take charge of the valise. He thanked me with great diffusiveness and as we approached the town he shut himself into the smoking compartment.

As the train drew up I saw an acquaintance on the platform, and while we were talking a posse was hunting the train for my friend. They didn't find him, as he had dropped off and struck out for the country. I went on to Cincinnati, taking his valise along, and although I was there four days

he didn't show up. I arranged to leave it with the landlady, and it was carried to the office, to be opened by a middle-aged clerk. Instead of a patent it contained wads of \$10's, a brace, saw, and other neat little devices for successfully working a burglar's job, and it cost me two days of the hardest kind of talk to satisfy the chief of police that I wasn't in it. I had rode over one hundred miles with a full-blown burglar, and one who had made his mark, and I must say he was a better talker and more of a gentleman than any governor I ever met.—*New York Sun.*

HER MONEY ORDER.

The Empress of Austria Had Great Difficulty in Collecting It.

The Empress of Austria during her recent visit to France was subjected to some curious annoyances owing to the excessive red-tapism of the post-office officials and the fact that she traveled under an assumed name. Foreigners receiving post-office orders must produce either a passport, their landlord's receipt for a quarter's rent or a tax receipt before they can get them cashed. The Empress on two different occasions had reason to feel incensed at the wooden application of these rules. One was at Toulon, where she had an order for a lump sum of money payable to "Mrs. Nicholson." She went herself to draw this sum, but could show no passport, no receipt for a quarter's rent or for a year's taxes, and was treated by the clerk as a person to suspect, but that official was at last brought so far round as to say that if she could produce a few hotel bills he would pay the money. She said she did not think she had any, as she was not a collector of such documents. However, on searching in her pocket she found she had her last bill and victoriously presented it, not reflecting that it was made out for "Miss Simpson." The only thing that remained for her to do was to apply for help to the Austrian Consul or to declare her incognito.

She took the latter course by showing a photograph of herself, which she had picked up in a shop at Lisbon, with her style and title printed beneath. The clerk was naturally confounded and made haste to cash her order. When she was at Algiers a similar misadventure befell her. The order was the largest that had ever been heard of by the postal authorities there, and was also made out for "Mrs. Nicholson." To obtain the money her Majesty called on M. Tirman, the Governor-General, told who she was and asked his good offices. He did not, fortunately, hesitate a moment.

CANDOR FOR SALE.

A Good Story Told at the Expense of a Former Politician.

There is a kind of frankness which is purely disagreeable, and there is another kind which may hurt the sensibilities for a moment, but in the end does not lessen one's friendly regard for the speaker. The Quinby Herndon story of the late Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky,

An old negro, known as Uncle Eph, had lived in the Taulbee family for many years, and was esteemed as an honest and faithful servant. After a Congressional election, at which Mr. Taulbee had been an unsuccessful candidate, some of his opponents twitted him with the fact that his own servant had voted against him.

Mr. Taulbee could not credit the story, and at last spoke to Uncle Eph about it.

"Is it true, Uncle Eph, that you voted against me?"

"Yes, Massa William," answered the old man. "I voted the 'publican ticket.'"

"Well, well," said Mr. Taulbee, "I like frankness, and here's a dollar for your candor."

The colored man stood scratching his head, evidently with something on his mind.

"Well, Eph, what is it?" said Mr. Taulbee.

"If you is buying candor, Massa William," said Uncle Eph, "you owes me 'do'ars mo', kase I voted agin you five times."

POLLY MADE A MATCH.

A Bashful Youth Helped Out by a Bird That Spoke Queer.

"A parrot is positively regarded, I know, as a very mischievous, middle-class bird, and all the stories are of their interference and trouble making, but I have always believed that I owe my life's happiness to one of them," remarked Mr. C. C. M.—a day or two ago to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat's Attica (N. Y.) correspondent. The story being entertained, Mr. C. continued:

"I was the most bashful youth you ever saw, especially where ladies were concerned. I was fond of their society, enjoying it so that I sought it as often as I could, and yet at the same time in a perfect agony of bashfulness if required to answer the simplest question, or to express an opinion on any subject, while to be asked to button a glove or any such little service would throw me into such a state of nervous excitement that I usually ended in making an awkward dance of myself. I visited at one house where the girls, or rather, two of them, romping, high-spirited misses, took the keenest delight in playing upon this bashfulness of mine, but secretly adoring the other sister—the eldest—I bore this patiently, for while she could not always refrain from laughing at her sister's pranks, and the confusion they threw me into, she herself never teased me."

"But to get to Miss Polly. She was a green bird with a yellow head and a wicked eye and a habit of walking in the flower garden, where in a little summer house fitted up as a parlor the girls were fond of entertaining their most modest, all white, hidden like a nest in the green foliage. Jacques Little by Little was possessed with an infinite love for the dying one. He watched the maddening ground daily with bitter tenderness. Madeline, like a wax night taper which throws a brilliant light just before it goes out, illumined the white house with her blue eyes."

During two seasons the child seldom went out. She filled the tiny garden with her charming spirit, her light robes, her gentle footfalls. It was she who planted those wild gilly flowers from which she made us bouquets; and the geranium, the heliotrope, the rhododendrons only lived through her and for her.

She was the soul of that corner of nature.

Then autumn came. You remember Jacques came to us and said huskily: "She is dead."

She had died under the vine-grown arbor like an infant that falls asleep, at that hour when the sun is sinking to

leaving over, urged: "Kiss her! kiss her, quick! you goose!" My heart stopped beating and I scarcely dared steal a glance at Miss Nellie, but when I did she was blushing so divinely, her lips were so tempting and, well, there was a look in her eyes that told me a delicious secret; so, with sudden courage, I leaned forward and with a "May I, Nell?" followed Polly's sage advice.

"Yes, my wife's name is Nellie," and Polly, now gone the way of all flesh, now stands upon our mantel, beautifully stuffed and prized most highly. In all probability I would have allowed the treasure I coveted to slip through my fingers had she not helped me out, for my wife has since told me she had just decided it was lost time to continue to love a man so bashful that he would not take his own and that she would try and like the other fellow."

A GOLDEN CHANCE.

How a Western Highwayman Was Cheated Out of His Meat.

We had got through to Silver City by stage without adventure, writes a New York Sun correspondent, and perhaps I had more reason than any other passenger to felicitate myself on the fact, as I was carrying \$8,000 in greenbacks for a friend who was going into business. The day after arriving a strange man came to the office and asked if he could have a few minutes' private conversation. He looked like a prospector or silver finder, and I took him into the inner office, where he quietly sat down and began:

"I am no hand to beat around the bush, but believe in coming straight to the point."

"Well?"

"Well, you brought \$8,000 with you yesterday."

"I knew you were coming, and for three days I was posted to intercept you. I intended to hold up your stage and take every thing."

"Why didn't you do it?"

"That's what I'm coming to. My infernal burro stumbled with me at a bad place and pitched me off, and for a whole day I hardly moved a rod. I'm so sore and lame now that I can scarcely get about."

"The kernel of this thing is just here. You were my meat, fair and square. Them \$8,000 was as good as in my own pocket. Owing to circumstances beyond my control you pulled through. It was a stroke of luck. I lost my animal and both my revolvers, and am hurt besides. Are you honorable enough to give me a per cent on that money to go into business again?"

He wanted 3 per cent, but I finally got off with \$90, and he bought a revolver and some blankets with it and went off and stopped a stage and was shot through the head.

RICH MEN'S MASCOTS.

GRANDFATHER TO HIS WIFE.

When, in the first flush of happy youth,
I looked with loving eyes upon thy face,
It seemed to me I there could find, in truth,
The perfect type of beauty and of grace.

And as the bells rang out their gleaming chimes
That day when we were wed, I did not dream
That that sweet face of thine more lovely
Could than that day, with the melting of time.

Yet, as I see thee now—thy crown of white;
The glory of thy motherhood; the lines
Upon thy brow and cheek, marks of time's
flight;
The many sweetest things of life combine—
Methinks that in my youth my judgment erred.
Despite thy beauty, seeming so benign,
This heart of mine hath never been so stirred
As by the loveliness that now is thine.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

BY HARSH WORDS.

How Squire Sadley Was Taught
to Speak Kindly to His Wife.

The little silver column in the thermometer was gradually mounting toward the nineties; the leaves hung motionless in the furnace-like air, and the scent of the perfumed swaths of newly-cut hay pervaded every thing, as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square handkerchief of yellow silk.

"Phew!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much. I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"So'd I, if I wasn't workin' for day's wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the fragrant billows of green with a fork which gleamed like a scintillating lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich land-owner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please!" said he. "Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish I could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a make-shift bridge formed by a fallen cedar tree. Far down in the green cross-lights and glinting reflections of the glen, he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her, out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooking—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on. The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked up with a complacent sense of proprietorship, as he went around to the back-door, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. In the sunny kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white-board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kitty came running out of the front-room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be asleep, and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser-shelf!"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a Procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down; but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely I isn't twelve o'clock yet."

"It don't lack many minutes of it," said the squire, gloomily, looking at the big wooden clock, whose fat, black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebula of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. My head aches, but I don't take to my bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hayfield, he naturally expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and keep for, if it ain't to see that meals is regular and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame-winged pigeon. "But I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty!" (to the child), "wash those potatoes in the sink as quick as you can, and trim the beets, while I look over for some kindlings to burn up the fire."

A minute afterward, he could hear the quick strokes of the hatchet, and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to hay-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulantly, "as if every thing hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing shrewdly over her top-knot and pinning her eyes on him with Argus eyes, "why don't you go out and split the kindlings, and let mother tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley, quickly, as she touched a match to the mass of crumpled papers under the grate.

"Where's the last Gazette?" snarled the squire, ignoring Kitty's query.

"Oh, Titus," cried his wife, "I've just sent for it! I supposed, of course, you'd read it—it's a week old to-day, you know."

"Of course," said Squire Sadley, "I might have known without asking! It's waste and fling away and burn up in this house. There ain't nothing safe where an extravagant woman's concerned!"

"Mother ain't extravagant!" said Kitty.

"Where's them peas I brought in this morning?" sharply demanded the squire, looking around him with Argus eyes.

"There isn't time to shell them now," said Mrs. Sadley, timidly.

"Time—time!" repeated her husband. "Of course there ain't time, if you sleep away your life on that there sofa. I mean to have it taken away to-morrow. It's a deal too handy. What's the use of my plantin' the earliest peas in market, and bein' and brusin' em, and then goin' out afore sun-up to pick 'em, if my folks hain't live enough to cook 'em?"

"I'll have 'em for supper," said Mrs. Sadley, with a little tremor in her voice.

"No, you won't, neither!" said the squire. "I'll have 'em over to Neighbor Norton's. His wife's got some snap to her! I declare, it's clear discouragin' for a man to be dragged back all the time by a shiftless wife!"

"A big round drop plashed down into

WOES OF RICH MEN.

They Can Be Neither Politicians, Nor Authors, Nor Statesmen.

"The very rich people are to be pitied," said a well-known capitalist and club-man the other day to a New York correspondent of the Kansas City Star.

"When a man once gets a large fortune there is no ennoblement worth striving for, for he tries and succeeds in winning it the world says that his conflict was made easy by his wealth. If he has political aspirations he is accused of purchasing votes and favors. If he wants to shine in literature it is declared that he hires an author to write his books. He is not permitted to have an honest love for art, for when he becomes a collector it is said that he buys pictures by the yard and statters away through it were cheese. John Jacob Astor, who died recently, could have been Minister to England under President Hayes, but he refused the position because he knew the Nation would declare that it was given in reward for his contribution to the campaign fund. In his whole life John Jacob Astor was nothing more than a real-estate agent on a large scale, and his success was accomplished by guile, the bane of all rich men. Gout is the inevitable result of affluence. It is good food and what is now called good cooking that produces gout, and the man of large means is sure to have both. Mr. Astor was that; that is, he was perfectly temperate in his appetites. Besides this, he was an extraordinary strong youth and began his life of luxury with a constitution of iron. But the steady, unbroken comforts and pleasures of his existence did their work and he died at sixty-eight, looking as hearty as any man in New York. It has sometimes been observed that gout is a fashionable ailment, but in reality it is a prevalent and deadly disease among the luxurious men in New York, and nearly every club window has a big red-faced man in it who is haunted by the realization that he may be called to his reckoning at any moment. If these men had ever been tempted into the fields of endeavor and taken pot-luck with the regulate toilers of the earth they would be all right, but the smooth elegance of doing nothing that they have indulged in, together with the wines and spiced delicacies that have formed their sustenance, has put them into pretty much the same physical condition as those geese that we make into pates de foies gras. I advise the poor not to envy the rich. Anybody who they are as unhappy as anybody. The richer they are the more unhappy they are. They can not get into the struggle for fame, they mistrust the motives of every new acquaintance, and they invariably have the gout. You will not find a more sorrowful looking set of men in New York than the ones that belong to my club. And they are the very richest citizens we have. In fact, I am a pretty sad dog myself."

"Yes," absently answered the squire, intent on his paper.

"I was in the parlor that night; it thundered and rained so hard," said Kitty, with a twinkling eye, "and they didn't know it. And I heard them talking to each other. And he called her his darling love."

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "A regular case of spooning."

"And she said she was her dearest, dearest one," added Kitty the circumstantial.

"Young fools!" snapped Squire Sadley.

"Father," said Kitty, leaning on his shoulder—she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of the stern despot—"don't all lovers talk so?"

"They're fools for their pains, if they do."

"Didn't you love mother when she was a girl like Cousin Mary? Didn't you say just such things to her?"

The squire moved uneasily in his chair under the calm, searching light of Kitty's eyes.

"I might as done," he owned at last. "I s'pose I, as just as great an idiot as other folks be."

"I don't see why people ever leave it off," said Kitty, abstractedly. "Was mother a pretty girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the squire, almost angrily; and he got up and walked around to the old wooden bench beside the well curb.

Had Kitty's mother been a pretty girl? Yes, that she had—rose-cheeked and limpid-eyed, with a laugh sweet as the note of a thrush, and the lightest feet in a Virginia reel, of any girl in the neighborhood. And now, "I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature," she had said, in the faint, weary accents, looking at him out of the dim, faded eyes; "and I don't blame you for getting out of patience." Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"Don't know," said the squire, staring at Heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I most think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots of hired help to do the farm, and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius of twenty miles around Kingsley Church! And to look at her now!"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute!" he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they ain't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinkin' of all these years. Leave off loving her! I hain't never left it off. I love her now, bless her faithful, patient soul, as well as ever I did, only I've left into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't!"

He kept his word.

"Engaged, Mary?" It is really a settled thing," said Mrs. Sadley. "Oh, I hope you'll be happy! I hope, after twenty years of marriage, dear Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a faint color glowed on her ordinarily pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work, so as to spare me? And there is such an easy, spring-upholstered sofa in the hall in place of the lumpy old lounge; and there's one of them hay-bands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style, next week; and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons, just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonsense, you know; and yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Poor soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad," said Mary. "But you deserve it all, Cousin Eunice."

And the newly-betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand. For what else could so have changed the squire? They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: "Good in all, and none all good."—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

George Washington Relics.

Mr. Thomas Gresham has left at the American Recorder office a couple of relics that have been handed down for 300 years. One was a small hatchet, resembling the one George Washington didn't use, that was given him by his mother, who died sixteen years ago at the age of eighty-six. It was given her by her grandmother when she was quite young. The other is a pint flask that is known to be over one hundred years old, as it has been in his father's family that long. It is a queer-looking, short, round flask, with the face of George Washington blown in the sides. He will now give these relics to his children.

Rather a Slow Town.

An event has happened in Kensington, N. H., which has set the inhabitants wild with excitement. The first house to be built in the place for thirty years is approaching completion, and a grand celebration is expected when the inmates take possession.

ELK VERSUS COYOTE.

Pete, the big elk out in the park, says the San Francisco Examiner, distinguished himself the other night. Notwithstanding Pete's long residence among civilization, he is always savage at this period of the year.

For a week or more he has been as full of fight as a candidate for promises. Nor is Pete particular as to the character or quality of his combat. As long as it is a fight he is satisfied. He has tried to stir up a fuss with some of the deer that share the inclosure with him and his family, but though they have some lively battles among themselves they evidently consider that Pete is the John L. Sullivan of the crowd and pay no attention to his challenges. Nor can he get them to a fight. Whenever he charges on them the bucks dodge him in the brush, and, owing to their lesser bulk, easily avoid him. Pete's long-legged offspring, born some months ago, has rather a hard time of it these days, but he hides himself among the bushes and so evades his parent's irritation.

Up to night before last the best fight that Pete could get was with one of the fence posts. He butted and he fought until it looked as if he would smash the fence. Fortunately the big black-tail buck showed up and took Pete's attention from the post, and by the time he had chased the buck three or four times around the paddock Pete had forgotten about the post.

But night before last Pete got a chance and showed what he was made of. Though he is out of the fence with his family, and indeed all the other tenants of the deer paddock, he nevertheless considers himself their guardian and will always savagely resent an attack on even his long-legged son.

Pete was standing in the moonlight at the eastern end of the paddock when a little doe away off at the other end of the inclosure gave a loud bleat of alarm. One of the park policemen saw the light of the brush, and to his astonishment observed that a coyote was clinging to her throat. He started to her as fast as he could, but Pete was ahead of him.

The elk gave one loud answering call, a sound between the roar of a bull and the baa of a goat, with more of the roar than the baa in it, and then tore off the rescue of the doe. According to the one of the park policemen, he saw the sharp horns of the coyote and his hooves over against his back and hardly seemed to touch the ground after the first jump. The coyote held on to the doe's throat until Pete was within a dozen yards of him. Then he let go and started for the fence. He reached the palings, but could not get through, and the now thoroughly enraged elk overtook him. Lifting his front legs with amazing swiftness, Pete brought his sharp horns down squarely on the intruder's back. It must have broken the coyote's spine, for he made no further attempt to escape, but lay there struggling, yelping and snapping. He got one hold on Pete's fore leg, but the elk got his big horns to reinforce his hoof, and after some very lively thrashing around he broke the coyote's hold. Then Pete went in to finish his adversary. Hoofs and horns worked so quickly that the policeman's eyes could not follow them.

One Pete raised his prowler clean off the ground with his antlers and tossed him ten feet in the air. But the crippled coyote was no coward, for a wonder. He lighted fighting, and somehow got a grip on Pete's hump.

Then there was "dively work." The coyote was safe from Pete's antlers, but the big elk had his kicking apparatus very handy, and it was no time at all before he had knocked the coyote off his feet and sent him rolling down the slope to the middle of the paddock. Then the fight was finished.

Peter gave two bounds down the slope and landed, all four feet together, on the hapless coyote.

That probably killed the marauder, but Pete by no means let up. He pawed and kicked and gored the body until it was cut to pieces. It was half an hour before the big elk quit mauling the carcass.

When he did he simply sounded another challenge, of which there were, of course, no takers, and then stalked haughtily around the paddock making bluffs at the bucks.

How the coyote got into the paddock is a mystery. No break was to be found in the fence, and it was evident that he could not get out when the big elk charged him.

There has occasionally been seen about the park an old weather-beaten dog, that ordinarily kept well away from the more traveled localities, though he has been seen at night drinking from the water-trough. This is supposed to be the victim of Pete's hoofs and horns. The doe that was attacked is a small, weakly creature, the feeblest in the paddock. The coyote doubtless made a snap for his throat but only caught the skin. These animals kill sheep by cutting the arteries in the neck and drinking the blood out of the sheep's dead, and the coyote thought that in the absence of mutton venison would not be absent.

Another Tie Broken.

Algernon had been given many privileges, but he was ungrateful. "I am convinced, Algernon, that there is no such thing as gratitude in the world. I have striven against the doubt, but in vain," and Beatrice looked as desolate as a young man who calls on a stranger for the first time and never hears a familiar voice of conversation for an hour, says the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

"And how am I at fault?" said the young man, as interested as a hen with one chicken and that one a duck.

"Don't trifle with me, Algernon; you see I still regard that I should be firm. I must ask you some questions," and the fair maiden looked as sober as a justice of the peace when he discovers that he has left his tobacco-box at home.

"Have I not allowed you to part your name in the middle?"

"You have," responded the youth, with a painted, green-apple-pie expression.

"Have I not allowed you to hum 'McGinty' with your numerous variations?" persisted the fair Portia, with a life insurance agent's suavity.

"You have," answered the youth, blushing as if he had dropped a poker chip in the parlor.

"And 'Annie Rooney'?"

"Yes," was the almost inaudible murmur.

"Yes, Algernon, I have, and do you appreciate it? Not a particle. You men never appreciate us poor women. During this entire evening, while that horrid Banks girl has been hanging in her sleeve, you persisted in saying: 'reckon' instead of 'fancied.' Algernon, I feel obliged to say farewell forever, and the fair maiden would have wept had it not been for the violet powder on her face.

And so another tender tie was rudely broken.

STARTING LIFE ANEW.

One Man Lost a Wife and a Little Lot to His Mother.

I was at the depot in Louisville, standing in the doorway of the ladies' waiting-room, when, writes a Detroit Free Press correspondent, a stranger beckoned me out and said:

"I want you to do me a favor. See if there is a woman about forty years old in there, wearing a black silk dress, a brown wrap and a hat with two white feathers in it."

I sauntered in and looked around, and returned and reported her there.

"Anybody with her?" he asked.

"Yes; a man and a little child."

His face was pale and betrayed great emotion, and his voice had a queer sound to it as he considered for a moment and then said:

"Take this pistol. I am her husband, and she has eloped. I was going to kill the man at first, but I have thought better of it."

SHE WON HER CASE.

There was a queer, shrewd Irish girl, who was engaged to a certain well-to-do youth, says the Boston Transcript.

His father had thriftily got some property together, which the son would inherit. The youth knew very little; he had lost one eye, and as Bridget said of him, he was emphatically "not much to look at," but his "expectations" made him attractive. Presently Bridget was in great distress. She came to her employer, who happened to be a lawyer, in a raging state of mind. The young man had filled her, and she was going to sue him for breach of promise!

Her account of the matter was a curious mixture of humor, indignation, and craftiness. She would sue him for damages, but it was plain that her object was to force him to marry her. "Sure," said she, "an' why mightn't I have the money as well as the sisters and cousins of mine?" "Would you marry him now?" asked her employer. "Sure, an' that I wud! Ain't he as nice a little spalpeen as ye'd seen in a day's runnin'?"

The employer tried to ascertain whether the boy had any pretext for jilting her. What had she done to offend him? Bridget lowered her voice confidentially. "I think," she said, "that it's all about a bit of conversation that we had. 'Sure, now, Bridget,' said he to me one night, as we sat in the kitchen, 'wud ye marry me if I had no money? 'What do ye take me for?' says I. 'Sure' and I wudden then. There's nobody wud marry the likes of ye but for the money ye have!' An' wud that, sorr, he riz up sudden like an' he went away. 'Twas the thrue I told 'im, but sure he's a little bad, sorr, an' I'd marry him the day, I'm that fond of him—wid the money!"

Her lawyer was convinced that Bridget had a good case, and advised her to bring suit. She did so, and her examination in court was a scene long to be remembered. With one breath she scorched the defendant and with the next she praised and cajoled him.

"Sure, he's a beauty," she admitted to the court, "he's only the one eye, but it's awful becomin' to him, yer honor."

Bridget won her case; the youth, relenting before such tact, changed his character of defendant for that of bridegroom, and all the "sisters and cousins" came to the wedding.

VARIETIES.

Mrs. LITTLEWATTE (of Chicago)—I want my coat of arms put on the carriage door.

Carriage Builder—Yes, madam. Have you a copy of the design?

Mrs. LITTLEWATTE—No; put on anything you think appropriate.

Carriage Builder—How would a pig with all four feet in the trough do?

The blushing bride-elect was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place.

"I shall expect you to give me away, papa," she said.

"I am afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old man, nervously. "I told your Herbert this morning you had a disposition just like your mother's."

DAVID DUNDY, reputed very stinky, was one of a number of young people planning a picnic. "I'll bring the sandwiches," said one girl. "I'll bring 'lection cake,'" announced another. "Cream cake!" "Tartar!" "Harris' d'roun!" Three tempting titles were to be distinguished in the chorus which rose in the midst of which D. v. remained silent. "I'll bring some coffee," said a young man, who, like himself, had no sisters David brightened. "And I," cried he, "I'll bring the water for it!"

LITTLE ALICE (looking over a book of religious pictures)—Papa, what are 'Prizitive Christians'?

Papa—Why, they are the first Christians, the early Christians, the old ones, don't you know. Your mother can tell you better than I can.

Alice—Then we're not (regretfully) primitive Christians, a we?

Papa—No, no, no, of course not.

Alice (brightening)—But we get there just the same, don't we, papa?

BROOKS was mentioning to his wife the old legend, based, no doubt, on St. Peter's exploit, that every time a cock crows some one tells a lie.

"But how is it, then," asked the doubting helmsman, "that the roosters chiefly crows early in the morning when almost everybody is asleep?"

"I don't know, my dear, unless it is that at that hour most of the big dallies go to press."

AFTER the battle of Otracze, a soldier supposed to have been killed was entered on the books of his company:

"Died on the 24th of June, 1866," etc.

A few days afterward it turned out that he was still alive, and the honest quartermaster made the following entry:

"Died by mistake."

At length there came a letter from the minister of war announcing the death of the man at the hospital, when our sergeant recorded the fact as follows:

"He died by order of the ministry."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Woman's Gazette tells the following story: "When a young woman was one of a family party sojourning at a French watering-place then visiting to repute, where the English tourist was yet comparatively a curiosity. The solitary lady provided for the ablutions of two young ladies was of so minute a size that we were obliged to send our English maid to refill it at the pump. One day we overheard our landlady say to some neighbors: 'Oh, my dear friends, you cannot imagine what these

more than an ordinary ready-made garment and bought it at once. The boys were highly pleased. They paid the \$30 extra and Mr. Schumacher was none the wiser for the trick.

But a few days later Mr. Schumacher was again wearing his old coat. The sons were surprised, and one of them said:

"Father, aren't you going to wear your new coat every day?"

"I've sold it," was the reply.

"What?"

"Yes, I've sold it. I met Mr. Brown on the other day and showed him my coat. He liked it and said he needed a coat himself. I told him to go down to the same place and he could get one just like mine for \$20. But he didn't believe it, and offered me \$25 for my coat right then and there. I took it, and I'm \$5 ahead. I can wear this till I can get another one made." Then the boys nearly went into hysterics.

SHE WON HER CASE.

There was a queer, shrewd Irish girl, who was engaged to a certain well-to-do youth, says the Boston Transcript.

His father had thriftily got some property together, which the son would inherit. The youth knew very little; he had lost one eye, and as Bridget said of him, he was emphatically "not much to look at," but his "expectations" made him attractive. Presently Bridget was in great distress. She came to her employer, who happened to be a lawyer, in a raging state of mind. The young man had filled her, and she was going to sue him for breach of promise!

Her account of the matter was a curious mixture of humor, indignation, and craftiness. She would sue him for damages, but it was plain that her object was to force him to marry her. "Sure," said she, "an' why mightn't I have the money as well as the sisters and cousins of mine?" "Would you marry him now?" asked her employer. "Sure, an' that I wud! Ain't he as nice a little spalpeen as ye'd seen in a day's runnin'?"

The employer tried to ascertain whether the boy had any pretext for jilting her. What had she done to offend him? Bridget lowered her voice confidentially. "I think," she said, "that it's all about a bit of conversation that we had. 'Sure, now, Bridget,' said he to me one night, as we sat in the kitchen, 'wud ye marry me if I had no money? 'What do ye take me for?' says I. 'Sure' and I wudden then. There's nobody wud marry the likes of ye but for the money ye have!' An' wud that, sorr, he riz up sudden like an' he went away. 'Twas the thrue I told 'im, but sure he's a little bad, sorr, an' I'd marry him the day, I'm that fond of him—wid the money!"

Her lawyer was convinced that Bridget had a good case, and advised her to bring suit. She did so, and her examination in court was a scene long to be remembered. With one breath she scorched the defendant and with the next she praised and cajoled him.

"Sure, he's a beauty," she admitted to the court, "he's only the one eye, but it's awful becomin' to him, yer honor."

Bridget won her case; the youth, relenting before such tact, changed his character of defendant for that of bridegroom, and all the "sisters and cousins" came

